

DOLLY—
Career In Peril?

COUNTRY STYLE

**CHARLIE
RICH—**

Opening The Door
On His First Love

**ASLEEP AT
THE WHEEL:**
Awakening
Swing Craze

**Nashville Girds
For Huge FAN
FAIR Invasion**

JOHN DENVER:
Country Road Paved With Gold



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18

And To Start Things Rolling...

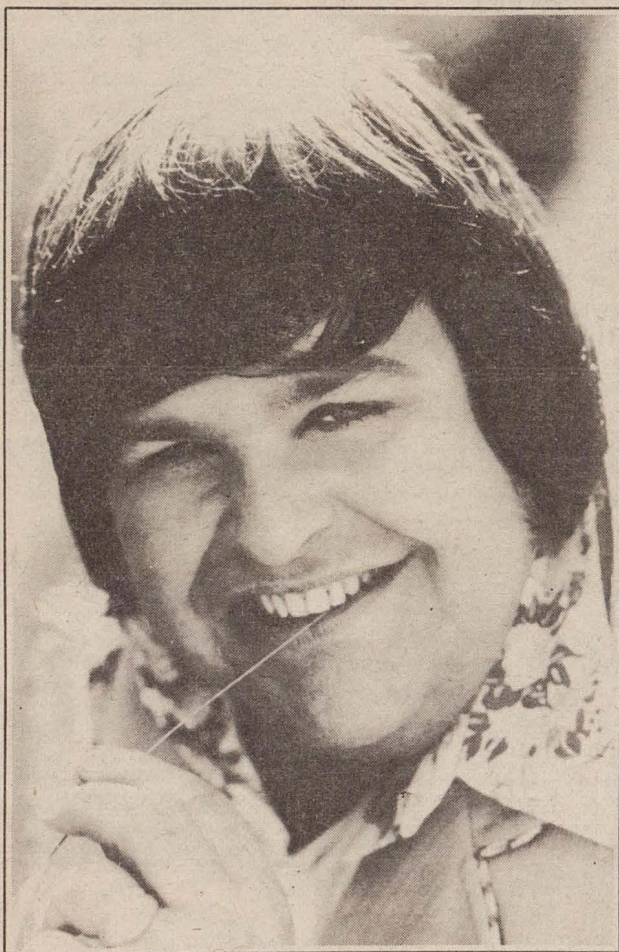
Steel Guitar Good Therapy For Wiggins

After veteran steel guitarist Little Roy Wiggins suffered a tragic heart attack, he found the best therapy for recovery was playing his steel guitar.

Wiggins suffered a heart attack in September and underwent open heart surgery in November. Doctors' orders are that he remain calm and relaxed and he finds no better way of relaxing than playing his steel.

Wiggins was away from his steel while hospitalized and "it like tore me up."

But now he's back and chipper.



310-Pound Wilkins Finds Weight An Asset

Little David Wilkins, the rotund Memphis rocker, does the only thing he can with his 310-pound, 5-foot-10 frame while he's performing: he works it into the act. "I've been on a seafood diet—I eat all the food I see," he remarks between songs, and the audiences laugh with, and not at, the singer-songwriter. Wilkins, who first broke onto the country scene in a big way when Brenda Lee found a million-seller in his tune "Comin' On Strong," has made a name for himself with four Top 10 hits, including "Good Night Special" and "He Plays The Music (But You Can't Make Him Dance)." His weight, which has been as high as 356, has been "an asset," he contends. "I play it up and it's part of my act. People come to see me and they're losing weight and I say don't because you won't be the same," he explains. Instead, he shows them how to get laughs with that extra roll. "I went on a diet and thought I was doin' good until I fell down and rocked myself to sleep. When I get on an elevator, it better be going down!" he jokes.

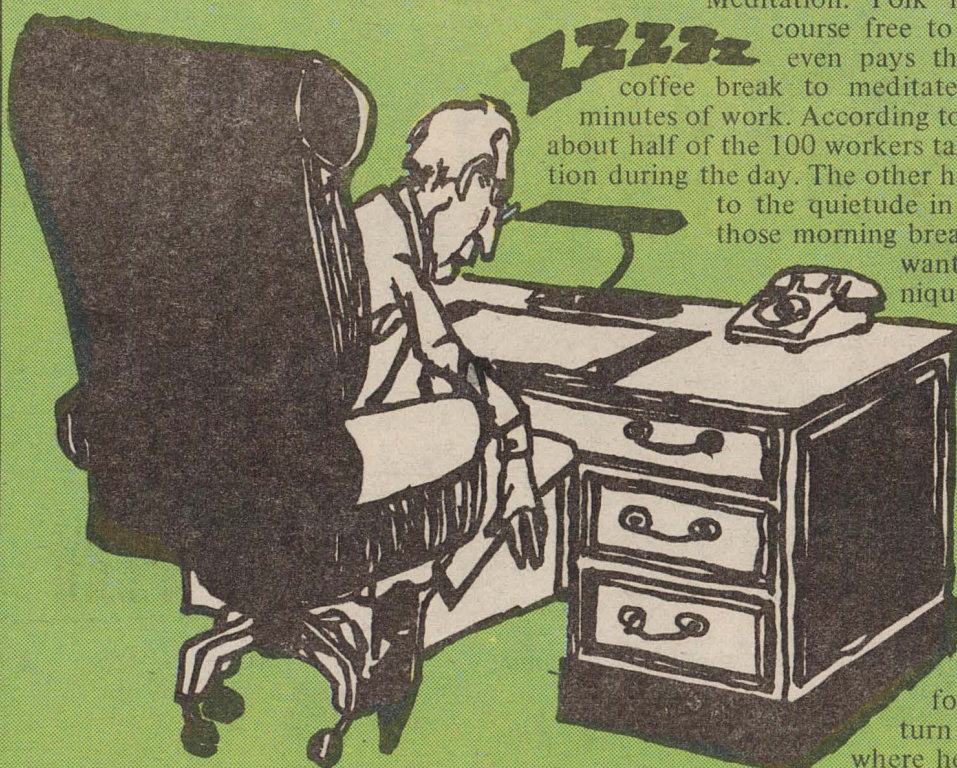
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It's Time For The Meditation Break

Edwin R. Polk, president of P.A. Medical Corp. of Columbia, Tenn., thinks he's found a way to increase worker productivity through Transcendental Meditation. Polk has offered a TM course free to his employees and

even pays those who use their coffee break to meditate for an extra 20 minutes of work. According to company officers, about half of the 100 workers take time for meditation during the day. The other half are not opposed to the quietude in the factory during those morning breaks; they just don't want to try the technique for mental relaxation. Some

are bitterly opposed to TM, some impartial and a few admit they fake it for fun and profit. Polk says he intends to require new employees to take the TM training, which he may be qualified to give following his return from Switzerland, where he trained under the teachings of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.



Don't Call Him Egg-Headed

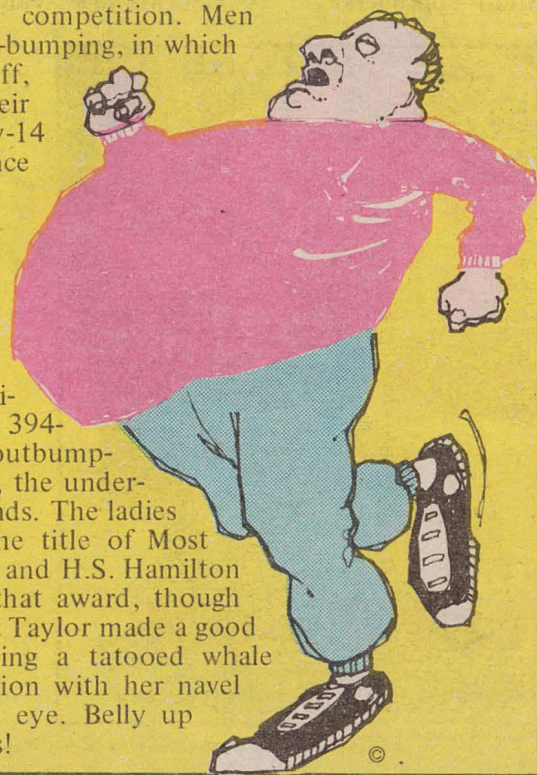
We don't know who egged him on, but Art Rakow, 65, a Burr Oak, Iowa, construction worker is the uncrowned world champion raw egg eater. Rakow downed 64 of the prairie oysters in a record 18 minutes, 15 seconds, to steal the crown from Howard Newell of Clovis, Calif., who won no acclaim whatsoever by gulping 63. Rakow sparked the challenge originally by swallowing 50 eggs in 42 minutes, and says he will respond to further assaults on the crown.



The Belly-Bumping Rage

It probably wasn't what young couples had in mind when they started doing The Bump, but then folks around Rickreall, Ore., once known as the horseradish capital of the world, is used to doing things differently. Some 900 locals packed into the town recently for the Second Annual Bouncing Belly Championship, to watch and compete in the gut-level competition. Men compete in belly-bumping, in which they face off, hands behind their backs in an 8-by-14 ring and bounce bellies until one man falls or is forced out of the ring.

This year's winner was John Wilverding in the maxi-division, a sleek 394-pounder, who outbumped Chuck Willis, the underdog at 326 pounds. The ladies competed for the title of Most Beautiful Navel, and H.S. Hamilton of Salem took that award, though runnerup Laurie Taylor made a good showing displaying a tattooed whale on her mid-section with her navel representing the eye. Belly up to the bar, mates!



Snuffs Out Habit

Ernest Tubbs says he has met more reformed drug addicts than he has people who have given up smoking.

But the 61-year-old "Texas Troubadour" proves every day that it is possible to give up cigarettes.

In 1966, a doctor told Tubbs that he had the beginnings of emphysema. The doctor advised Tubbs to give up his three-packs-a-day habit.

Tubbs knows to the second when he decided to take his doctor's advice.

"At six minutes after 2 a.m. on Jan. 6, 1966, I decided I had had my last cigaret," Tubbs said. "I haven't smoked since. But it took me three years before I could honestly say that I didn't want a cigaret."



In these photos from last year's Walkway Of The Stars' installation, Mickey Gilley (left) and "Red River" Dave McEnery receive their plaques from Frank Jones, chairman of the board of directors of the Country Music Foundation. Below left, Jim Ed Brown; below right, Hoyt Axton.



Fan Fair—one of the most celebrated extravaganzas of country style and structure—literally swings into Nashville's Municipal Auditorium on June 6 for a full week of toe-tapping entertainment.

"Registrations are well ahead of last year this time, and we can expect another capacity turnout of at least 12,600 people," asserted Mrs. Jo Walker, executive director of the Country Music Association.

Co-sponsored by the CMA and the Grand Ole Opry, Fan Fair 1977 will greet music lovers with the biggest lineup of talent and activities in the event's history.

In keeping with its highly successful format, Fan Fair this year will include more than 25 hours of top-name live country entertainment, a slow-pitch softball tournament, bluegrass and old-time fiddling concerts, photo and autograph sessions with country stars, and exhibits by fan clubs and record labels.

Tickets to Opryland and the Country Music Hall of Fame—as well as several meals—will be included in the \$30 registration fee.

For the first time, the Country Music Association will stage its international show during the sixth annual roundup. This event—scheduled for the morning of Saturday, June 11—will feature top acts from other countries, such as Czechoslovakia, New Zealand, Australia, and the British West Indies.

Also, CMA officials told CountryStyle, the free bluegrass concert is expected to be another big drawing card this year

FUN FUN FUN FAN FAIR

with the show running upwards of four hours.

Already, Mercury, Hickory, CBS, RCA, ABC-Dot, and Capitol record firms, the Country Music Association and the Nashville Songwriters Association (NSA) have signed up to present concerts at the Auditorium.

Another big attraction will be the annual Reunion Show, headlining the sights and sounds of several members of the Country Music Hall of Fame.

In addition, tent shows are slated Thursday, Friday and Saturday from noon until 3 p.m. with "several hundred" artists participating.

Other shows, too, are expected to be added to the agenda as the time of the big affair approaches.

Fan Fair—country music style—is one of the most hectic events of the year, with hotel and motel rooms being rented well in advance of the attraction. Last year's fair set a new attendance record, drawing more than 12,600 registrants to Music City for a chance to see and hear their favorite stars, do some Nashville sightseeing, and go home with several cherished snapshots and autographs.

Last June fans came from as far away as New Zealand and Czechoslovakia—as well as Los Angeles, Ontario and points in between.

For those who wish to attend this year, remember—the registration is \$30. Brochures and registration forms are available from

Fan Fair, Box 2138, Nashville, Tenn. 37214.

There is nothing else like it in the world.

Recording artists will show up at the auditorium for picture taking and autograph sessions, and record companies, songwriters and a group of old-timers will present hour after hour of live entertainment.

Last year, 21 teams made up of recording artists, disc jockeys and music industry personnel played two days in the softball tournament.

Then—on Wednesday—the auditorium sessions were in the spotlight with the free bluegrass concert, featuring such names as Bill Monroe, Lester Flatt, Ralph Stanley, James Monroe, Mac Wiseman, Jim & Jesse and Wilma

Lee and the late Stoney Cooper.

That evening, for an extra fee, the International Fan Club Organization (IFCO) presented its annual banquet and show on the Municipal Auditorium plaza. During those festivities, the 10th annual Popularity Poll awards were presented.

The record label concerts highlighted Thursday and Friday sessions in 1976, while CMA presented its own country show on Saturday. That afternoon the annual reunion show brought back no less than 31 acts from the past.

Among them were Gov. Jimmie Davis, Merle Travis, Johnny Wright, Kitty Wells, Minnie Pearl, Pee Wee King, Leon McAuliffe, Hank Garland, Brother Oswald & Cousin Rachel, Lula Belle & Scotty, and The Jordanaires.

Friday afternoon, 11 new names were added to the Walkway of Stars in front of the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum. They were Bob Atcher, Hoyt Axton, Jim Ed Brown, Vernon Dalhart, Mac Davis, Mickey Gilley, Joe E. Lewis, C.W. McCall, Red River Dave McEnery, Ramblin' Tommy Scott and Ray Whitley. This year's list will be announced later.

Throughout the Fan Fair days, a number of smaller breakfasts and parties complemented the larger official schedule.

"No matter where you go, people want to hear the old songs," Jimmie Davis, former governor of Louisiana and member of the Country Music Hall of Fame, said as the 1976



Photos courtesy of the Country Music Foundation Library and Media Center.

(Continued On Page 4)

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Inside COUNTRYSTYLE

The Smiling John Denver

Why does John Denver always look so happy? Maybe it's because of his role as a grocery

clerk who talks to God in the upcoming comedy film "Oh God." Being America's most popular singer certainly doesn't bring on tears, however. Page 10.

History Looks At Bluegrass

In the beginning, there was Bill Monroe. Oh, not alone, mind you, but clearly ahead of the rest in creating that "high, lonesome sound" that would

take its name from the Kentuckian's backup group, the Blue Grass Boys, and quarter off its territory on the outskirts of country music: bluegrass. History of Country Music, chapter nine, explores the rise and surprisingly strong contemporary following of the most traditional of the country music disciplines, beginning on Page 12.

Billy Sherrill, Super-Producer

Behind every country star there's an inspired producer. And the man behind the likes of Charlie Rich and Tammy Wynette is the irrepressible Billy Sherrill, a man who can hear a hit a mile away. See Page 20.

Waking Up Western Swing

"Western swing isn't dead, it's just Asleep At The Wheel." That's the slogan of the 11-piece Austin band that has put the sound of Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys back on the airwaves and in the honky-tonk jukeboxes. On Page 22.

Jailhouse Rock

Sonny James is in the jailhouse now, and loving it. The Tennessee State Prison was an unlikely place to record an album, but that's been done before. James had a new idea for a prison album, however, one that not even Johnny Cash had tried. Page 34.

Homebrew

Summer thirst got you in its clutches? Looking for some heady reading? Round up a few kitchen utensils, a few pounds of sugar and a bucketful of bottles and join in the fun of home brewing. If you like store-bought, you're in for a real treat when you take to homebrew, country-style. Turn to Page 26—and cheers!

Hall Puts On The Dog

Tom T. Hall's love for dogs isn't limited to his 38 basset hounds. No, he's having a benefit for a Nashville animal shelter so all the homeless doggies in the area can be fed. Page 28.

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Dolly Parton, Career In Peril?

Throat troubles that forced Dolly Parton into seclusion last October have recurred, stirring concern among country music people over the beautiful blonde singer's future.

Industry insiders likened the affliction—described as a "strain"—to the knee injury that is the scourge of professional athletes.

So severe was the problem that Dolly was ordered by doctors to use her voice only when absolutely necessary.

"She's under doctors' orders," said Marsa Hightower, a spokesman for the singer's public relations firm, Solters & Raskin, Los Angeles.

"She can't even talk during the day . . . she's saving herself for her performances."

But while some record industry sources—who asked to remain anonymous—said the flareup of the throat problem cast doubt on her future, Miss Hightower described the trouble as "not bad" and said "she caught it in time."

An interview sought by CountryStyle was in doubt, the spokesman said, adding:



DOLLY PARTON

"Whether she can talk or not, that's another matter . . . it depends on whether she's in bed.

"I can't even talk with her," Miss Hightower said.

A source in Nashville called the condition "chronic" and said her record company, RCA, was concerned for her career.

The latest flareup of the problem was the third in the last year. Diagnosed as an inflammation of her vocal chords, it forced doctors to order Dolly to scratch her scheduled national tour.

However, she only had to cancel several bookings, and was well enough to sing at three Los Angeles dates and some in San Francisco.

There was speculation, nevertheless, that Dolly will never be able to sing as frequently as she has in the past. Some insiders said she'll have to cut singing dates drastically.

Unlike Tammy Wynette, Dolly has not had an extensive history of health problems. But she may be developing one. Dolly has spent more time in the last 11 months recuperating than actually singing.

In June she abruptly announced a three-and-a-half-month vacation from touring and recording—her first real holiday in years. Predictably, rumors started flying—Dolly had a nervous breakdown, Dolly has cancer, and so on. In fact her problem was the usual entertainment bugaboo—overwork—plus strained vocal cords.

As Dolly explained it in an interview last fall:

"I was having to be on the road practically all the time, then having to rush back into Nashville to do TV (her 26-show syndicated series), then trying to write songs and get into the recording studio. It was all starting to run together.

"I said to myself, 'My body isn't going to stand it much longer. And it's killing my inspiration.'"

There may have been more to her summer vacation than she let on. Close observers of the country music scene feel that, at least in part, Miss Parton's layoff was a strategy to set the groundwork for her much celebrated career "turnaround." During this time she announced her switch from a Nashville to a Los Angeles management firm and her intentions to terminate her 10-year working arrangement with Porter Wagoner.

Some of the Nashville music industry and her fans interpreted this as Dolly's "going pop," which hurt her. On her most recent album, for example, she went so far as to write a disclaimer on the album cover that insisted she wasn't leaving country music but bringing it to more people.

Her vocal cord trouble reappeared again in late October. Her doctors forbade her to sing until at least the new year. Her problem consisted of a swelling of the nodes on her vocal cords, an affliction that plagues professional singers. Short of surgery, the only thing that can be done to relieve the inflamed cords is rest.

Although she doesn't dwell on the subject, Dolly thinks that emotional strain may be partly the cause of her throat problems. "Any time you make a change," she worries, "you gotta pay the price."

'Waylon's T-Shirt' Fits Well On Damron



Dick Damron, Canada's Willie Nelson, has walked down Nashville's Music Row looking for a break, hung out in the bars and played his songs for the best. Perhaps the Canadian star will find an American following with his new single, "Waylon's T-Shirt."

By GERRY MASSOP

*From the toss of a coin
to the turn of a card
He has done what he
could from the start
And he stood in the
shadows of winners and
losers
Sometimes you can't tell
them apart.*

— "Soldier Of Fortune"

© Beechwood/Sparwood

"Twenty five years on the road as a barroom cowboy, can make a man tired but I wouldn't have it any other way."

Since the day Dick Damron discovered that two nights a week at \$15 per night amounted to more than the \$50 a month wage he was making as a farmhand, he's been hauling his guitar and stocky frame from bar to bar throughout Canada, the U.S., and Europe. Now, 25 years and thousands of gigs later, the Canadian Willie Nelson takes the time to reflect.

"It hasn't been easy—matter of fact it's been damned hard. Like so many others, I too went to Nashville, I walked those Nashville streets months on end just a-pushing my songs. Publishers showed me piles of tapes, all waiting to be auditioned, a discouraging

sight. Yet I couldn't keep from trying. I used to spend my nights in the old Ryman Auditorium, watching the country greats strut their wares, and that just encouraged me all the more to keep trying. I still go to Nashville, only now I go there to do my recording."

Dick might still have been out there today, pushing his songs, had it not been for a song he wrote that became a smash for George Hamilton IV and also brought Dick's own version into the number one slot on the Canadian RPM Country Chart, "Countryfied". It was used as a theme song for Hamilton's Canadian and British TV shows.

It also brought international recognition to Dick Damron.

"When I count it all up, 'Countryfied' was recorded by nine different artists, and did over half-a-million (sales) total. A follow-up album with the same title did well in Canada, and the U.K., and is now released on a CBs affiliated label in Germany."

He hopes his new single, "Waylon's T-Shirt" (about you-know-who) will give him the break he needs in the U.S.

Dick began writing songs when he realized he couldn't keep singing the same songs

night after night, "The only solution was to write my own," says Dick. By now he has written well over two hundred songs, with over 150 recorded by various artists. The performance rights and airplay collected through BMI make up a substantial income for him.

He was born and raised in Bently, Alberta, working on the farms and listening to Wilf Carter. Dick was born a country boy, and country suits him. "I still own a ten acre place in Bently and make my home there, a place to relax and get my head together when I come off the road," he says.

When Dick performs in the clubs it is not uncommon to hear him refer to himself as "The illegitimate son of Wilf Carter."

Dick now has a compliment of eight album releases, the last two recorded in Nashville, "Soldier of Fortune" and his first U.S. release, "A Thousand Songs of Glory."

He is a five time winner of the BMI Certificate of Honor. He has received the Alberta Government's Achievement Award, and in '76 two Big Country Awards for Composer of The Year, and also for Top Male Country Artist of The Year (similar to the Grammy).

He has performed at the Grand Ol' Opry's 47th Anniversary International Country Music Show, the Expo '74 in Spokane, Washington, and headlined the U.K.'s International Country Music Festival, along with Merle Haggard, Dolly Parton and others, at Wembley Auditorium in London.

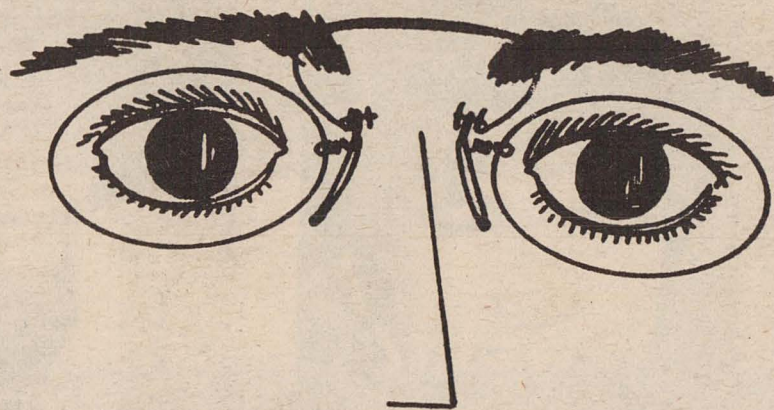
So where is he today? Nowhere really, in terms of American audiences, but look out he's coming through, a star waiting for recognition. Right now, you might find him in the lyrics of his latest single, "Waylon's T-Shirt":

*With my Waylon Jennings
T-shirt
Willie Nelson haircut
Kris' lyrics runnin'
through my brain
Too much drink and
too much smoke
I tell you friends it
ain't no joke
Sometimes I wonder who
the hell I am."*

An identity crisis that surely won't last much longer.

CountryStyle—Page 5

WATCH US CHANGE



During 1976, 336 magazines were founded in the U.S. Thirty-three are still publishing. CountryStyle is one of those 33.

We have survived the first year against incredible odds, and not only did we outlast 303 competitors, but we are flourishing. And growing.

You might say we're a success, and you'd be right. But rather than sit back, content with our accomplishments, and blow our own horn, we're looking for ways to improve. After all, we'd like to be around for a long time. And in the highly competitive magazine field, you either stay on top or you get out of the business.

That's why we're changing—to a new, and better format. A format that's easier for you, our reader, to handle.

It won't be a drastic change—you'll still recognize us. But CountryStyle will be brighter and easier to read. And better than ever.

Watch for us on the newsstand in our new magazine size in two weeks.

Elvis And Priscilla, Still Good

Ed. Note: By now it's a familiar story—of how a dirt-poor Southern boy swiveled his way from back country quarter beer joints to superstardom; how a young singer with the profile of a Greek god, a lusty voice and animal sexuality was discovered by a one-time carnival barker and transformed from a "good ol' boy" into a national institution. In the process he acquired mind-boggling wealth and unprecedented fame, and he changed the course of music forevermore.

The phenomenal career of Elvis Presley—"The King"—now has spanned two decades. During that time he has influenced countless thousands of musicians, become an idol of epic proportions—and the dream lover of millions of women. But—despite the fame and fortune he now enjoys—he has never forgotten his country roots or a boyhood spent in a Tupelo, Miss., shack.

His music carries the stamp of his humble country origin, the country music he listened to, and the country stars he idolized as a boy in the 1930s and 1940s.

In this issue, **CountryStyle** concludes the dramatic story of Elvis' life, a story that graphically illustrates that "The King"—even though he's sitting on top of the popular music world—is pure country.

The funny thing about it was that while turning out so much pap, Elvis became the highest paid entertainer in history; as the quality of the films went down, Elvis's earnings went up, up, up, until they began to average out at between five and six million dollars a year.

A breakdown of his 1965 income:

—Salary for "Harum Scarum": \$1,000,000.

—Salary for "Frankie and Johnny": \$650,000 (This and other sums were under a million because of early contract dates.)

—Salary for "Paradise, Hawaiian Style": \$350,000.

—Percentage of profits from "Tickle Me": \$850,000.

—Percentage of profits from "Girl Happy": \$850,000.

—RCA record royalties: \$1,125,000.

—Music publishing royalties: \$400,000.

All of which came to more than \$5 million and did not include income from nonperforming activities such as royalties on Elvis Presley products still being carried by several large chains and mail-order businesses.

Often the Colonel helped others in the business. It was when Sonny and Cher had five records in the Hot 100 that he called their managers in to tell

them—without charge, without tangible obligation—how to negotiate. Says one of the managers, Charlie Greene, "I'd been getting Sonny and Cher \$2,500 a night. After I left the Colonel's office I got on the phone and got them their first \$10,000 gig."

He also talked several times with Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, providing guidance, especially regarding crowd security. So when the Beatles were sneaked through a mob of fans in a laundry truck and they took rooms in several hotels and Brian considered taking the Beatles through lying on couches that were covered with canvas, looking like so much furniture—it was because the Colonel had conceived and executed these same security measures in 1956 and 1957 when Elvis was touring the U.S.

On May 1, 1967, Elvis married Priscilla in a small wedding in Las Vegas. After dating Priscilla for 10 years, he finally decided to make her his bride.

"I decided it would be best if I waited till I really knew for sure," Elvis explained at his wedding. "And now I'm really sure."

When Elvis and Priscilla returned to Los Angeles after their honeymoon shortly before Elvis began to work on his next film in June, Elvis faced two problems—resolving the turmoil within the

Memphis Mafia caused by the sudden marriage, and finding a new home. The first was trickier than the last.

In a sense it was too late to soothe all the hurt feelings caused when Priscilla came between Elvis and his buddies. Although there isn't any one of them who will say anything publicly, it is no secret that some didn't care for Priscilla, that she didn't care for some of them, and that there were fights.

Only Elvis' personal life and California mailing address changed during the first half of 1967. Everything else remained much the same, as the drooping film scripts and weak musical material continued to come his way.

Elvis was prankish by nature and his friends say the tedious film assignments only made him more capricious on the set. And so they joked.

"In 'Speedway' it was constantly cherry bombs," explains, co-star Bill Bixby. "My dressing room door would fly open and in would come a cherry bomb and there I was in an eight-by-eight room with the door shut."

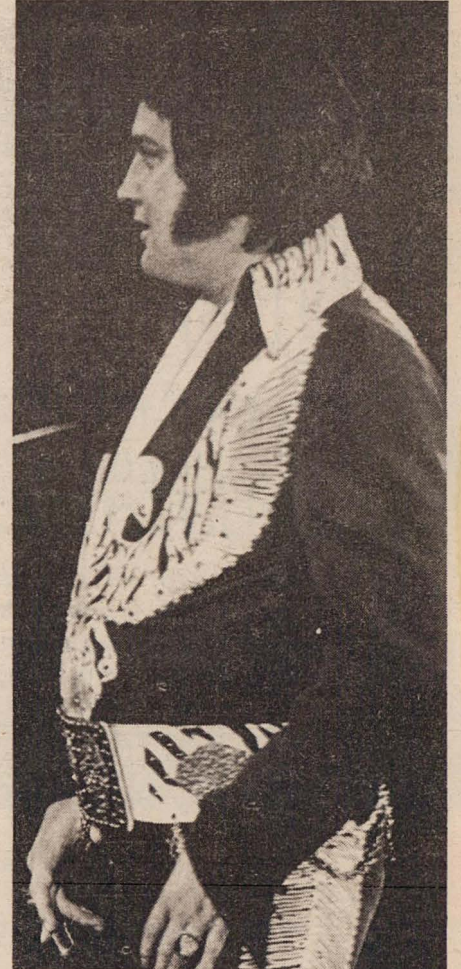
"It wasn't Elvis who threw the stuff most of the time," Bill says, "but you knew that the guys only did what pleased him, did things he inspired or suggested."

But the jokes are not the only things Bill recalls. "First I found him to be a gentleman and then a gentle man," he says. "He'll take the time to be very gentle with people. Especially with children."

"At that time, I knew how much Elvis wanted a baby. When I was doing that picture, Elvis had gotten married, snuck off as it were. It was very, very private. But after it was announced, he talked an awful lot on the set about how much he wanted a baby."

Elvis had good reason to be talking about babies, and wanting one, because Priscilla was pregnant by then, something Elvis announced in July. "We really hadn't planned to have a baby that soon," he said. "But less than a month after we were married (and before Elvis started "Speedway") Priscilla came back from the doctor in Memphis and told my father and me the good news. I was so shocked I

Even Elvis is no match for time, as these photos from various stages of his career illustrate. Picture at left was taken in mid-'60s, less than a decade after the King came on the scene; one in center was taken five years ago, shows Elvis in his late 30s, and photo at right was taken on a recent tour. He now has a paunch and a double chin.



From ELVIS by Jerry Hopkins
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Friends

didn't think I could move for a while. Then it began to dawn on me that this is what marriage is all about."

On Feb. 1, 1968, Priscilla gave birth to a girl, Lisa Marie. It had been nine months to the day since Elvis and Priscilla were wed.

Something else happened in 1968 to change the Presley image more than any cinematic propositions could. It had been announced by the Colonel in January that NBC-TV would finance and produce a one-hour special to be broadcast during the Christmas holidays and later would finance and produce a motion picture as well—a combination making it possible for the Colonel to keep the salary near the million-dollar level.

The show was broadcast Dec. 3, swamping everyone in the ratings.

Already Elvis was making changes—in becoming a father, in taking somewhat meatier and more adult movie parts, and in returning to television.

And then in January 1969 Elvis walked into a Memphis recording studio for the first time since he had left Sun 14 years earlier. To many it meant that Elvis had gone "home."

Elvis booked the studio for 10 days and had laryngitis four of them. But with sessions beginning at eight at night and running until dawn, he still cut 36 songs, enough material to fill two albums—"From Elvis in Memphis," released in May, and half of the "Memphis—Vegas" set released in October—account for some miscellaneous singles, and still have songs left over.

There were unadorned country songs.

And there were some songs by Mac Davis, a young Texan who says he was moved to write his first song after seeing Elvis perform in Lubbock in 1954.

Elvis had recorded three of Mac's songs already—"A Little Less Conversation," "Memories" and "Charro," the last two to be released in March—and was working with Billy Strange when Chips Moman called for material.

"He wanted some country songs," says Mac today. "I didn't know what he meant, so we sent a tape with 17 of my songs on it. The first two songs on the tape were 'In the Ghetto' and 'Don't Cry, Daddy.'"

Elvis recorded "In The Ghetto" and it went to No. 3, selling a million and a half copies, fast.

Elvis wanted to do personal appearances again. He missed the crowds. So the Colonel arranged for his first appearance in years to be in Las Vegas.

"I got tired of singing to the guys I beat up in the motion pictures," Elvis said the night he opened in Las Vegas.

The boys in Elvis' Vegas band had a lot in common. They were, most of them, Southern, or were rooted firmly in the basic country and blues traditions from which Elvis had come. (Elvis says country music probably was a bigger influence on him than rhythm and blues, but not by much). In fact, every one of them names Elvis as a major reason they are in the business.

The fans had come from Europe and Australia. The International Hotel employees were taking calls from all over the country from people begging for reservations that no longer existed. The opening week was sold out and the rest of the month nearly so.

The critics were ecstatic. "Elvis Retains Touch in Return to Stage," "Billboard" headlined, pointedly placing the review on its country music page, where Elvis first appeared exactly 15 years earlier.

"Variety" called him a superstar, said he was

In case you've missed any of the previous installments and would like to catch up, you can get back issues of CountryStyle. The ad appears on Page 42.



Kept out of the limelight for years, Priscilla Presley divorced Elvis in 1972. The settlement made Priscilla a millionairess.

"immediately affable . . . very much in command of the entire scene," while proving himself to be one of the most powerful acts in Vegas history.

As the month wore on—two shows a night, seven days a week—Elvis relaxed more. Friends say he had been extremely nervous opening night, quoting him as saying he wasn't sure he could "cut it" anymore.

But Elvis proved that he definitely could "cut it." He joked, teased his female admirers and sang comfortably. More importantly, Elvis found his Vegas engagement enjoyable and signed on to appear several more times in the early 1970s.

Next came a series of sensational concerts in Houston's Astrodome, Las Vegas and Los Angeles. All were sellouts minutes after tickets went on sale. Fans camped outside the box office for days waiting for tickets to go on sale.

Today Presley's concerts are no less sensational. For the last seven years he's been met with sellouts

in the largest venues in every city he performs.

The 1970s presented Elvis as a true superstar—a king adorned with a jeweled cape and spangled jumpsuit.

His reemergence as a performer sparked further interest in Elvis' records. Among his huge hits included "Burning Love," "Don't Cry Daddy," "The Wonder Of You" and "I Really Don't Want To Know," a country song from his album "Elvis Country."

Several albums recorded live in concert were also big sellers. Elvis was back among the public. He loved it. And the public loved him.

In 1973 Elvis' concert in Hawaii was broadcast on a worldwide television special. The album "Aloha From Hawaii" sold a million copies in a matter of weeks.

Elvis was greeted enthusiastically wherever he performed. He obviously didn't need the money. He just enjoyed being in front of the people again.

(Continued On Page 8)

ELVIS WADE A Carbon Copy Of 'The King'

By JOHN MOULDER

At a nightclub in Nashville recently Elvis Wade, the country's leading impersonator of Elvis Presley, was all shook up.

Elvis Pelvis himself, in town for a recording session, had made reservations to see the show.

Throughout the show Wade eyed the specially reserved section, but the real Elvis didn't show. It wasn't until later that Wade learned that the chubby nondistinctive guy sitting at the bar was really Elvis in disguise.

And the real Elvis told a disc jockey he thought the show was "fantastic," the ultimate compliment to an entertainer who is making big money ripping him off.

Elvis Wade, who looks a little like Elvis Presley, wiggles and sounds a lot like the original king of rock 'n' roll.

It started as a gag, back in 1968, when Wade Cummins, traveling around the country with his band, stepped on the stage one night and gave a 10-minute impersonation of Elvis Presley.

"The crowd went berserk," said Cummins, who from then on has been known as Elvis Wade.

The Elvis trip was boosted along by Wade's association with Detroit industrialist John Sassak, who backed the young impersonator and launched a half-million dollar promotional campaign in his behalf.

Since then Elvis Wade has wowed the girls all over the U.S. and Europe by singing the songs and shaking the moneymaker the way Elvis did—and still does.

Wade has invested \$12,000 in glittery jump suit costumes so he can dress like Elvis. If Elvis switched to T-shirts and blue jeans, said Wade, "I'd be dead."

Nostalgia, 1950s style, has contributed to the popularity of the fake Elvis, Wade said. "I work a lot of supper clubs and parents love to bring their kids to hear songs like 'Hound Dog' and 'All Shook Up.' And the kids are loving the 1950s culture. They love the Fonz. They love to try to imitate him."

Like the real Elvis, Elvis Wade collects his share of assorted articles thrown onstage—bras, apartment keys and the like.

He loves the Elvis trip—both onstage and off.

"In airports, people are mistaking me for Elvis all the time," he said. "Airline stewardesses come up to me and ask, 'Are you Elvis?' When they ask me that, I say, 'Yes.' But when they ask, 'Are you Elvis Presley?', I have to admit that I'm not."

Wade and the real Elvis have a lot of the same roots. Both grew up in the country of Tennessee. Both their roots are in country music. "I cut my teeth on country music," said Wade.

Like the real Elvis, Wade doesn't drink or smoke, never takes dope, doesn't like to party. He's used some of the loot from the Elvis ripoff to buy his own private lake near Nashville, where he likes to hunt and fish and walk through the woods.

He wants to star in a movie about Elvis. He says he thinks he's the most apt of the dozen or so Elvis imitators to play the role.



"There has to be a movie brought out on Elvis," said Wade. "Elvis has done more for music than anybody else. Frank Sinatra is only a twinkle in Elvis' eye. Musically, Elvis has contributed so much more than Sinatra ever has. I have the look, the voice, the mannerisms to play Elvis in a movie. I'd love to audition for the part."

It's become such a success, Wade says he never plans to drop the Elvis

show. "It's like Leonard Nimoy playing Mr. Spock on 'Star Trek,'" said Wade. "When you're that successful, it's very, very hard to drop."

But he's still trying for an identity of his own. He's written several songs and recently released a record simply under the name "Wade"—not Elvis Wade, not Wade Cummins. His agents are negotiating for a major recording contract.

Bringing The Presley Career Up To Date

(Continued From Page 7)

Elvis was now touring extensively. Highlights from his concerts were put in a documentary movie, "Elvis: On Stage." He was spending more time on the road now than he was at home.

Elvis appeared happy and content performing again, but his personal life was slowly falling apart.

His wife Priscilla left him for her karate instructor, Mike Stone.

Elvis encouraged his wife to take karate lessons. He became increasingly worried about her or his daughter Lisa being kidnaped while he was touring. Security was tight around his California home. He refused to have his daughter photographed for fear that if she was recognized on the street someone might attempt to snatch her.

He equally kept his wife out of the limelight. He was rarely seen with her. Priscilla was ushered into his Las Vegas shows only after the lights went out.

She wanted a career in films and studied acting. But Elvis refused to let her become a personality.

Priscilla wanted Elvis home. She would have preferred if he stayed in Hollywood, making films during the day and returning home at night.

Elvis hated being away from his family and it

bothered him having to express his love by phone.

"A couple of times Lisa called," Elvis remarked. "That's the hardest part—her crying and asking when her daddy would be home. And me having to turn her off to rush on stage. Man, it grabbed me!"

But Elvis continued performing, on the average six months a year.

"If Elvis really loved me and Lisa Marie, I would be more important than any concert tours," Priscilla explained. "We don't need the money. We do need each other! I'm not asking any more than any other wife of a husband."

Elvis and Priscilla divorced in 1972 citing irreconcilable differences. The divorce settlement made Priscilla a millionairess. She moved in with Mike Stone and opened a boutique.

But she and Elvis remained good friends, and still are.

After the divorce, Elvis went through a lot of heartache. Some of it showed in his performances and he was receiving bad reviews. His health started to suffer and he gained weight. An eye infection put him in the hospital as did bouts with pneumonia and strep throat.

After long rests Elvis always returned to the stage. Helping him through his despondency and worry was Linda Thompson, 1972 Miss Tennessee. She remained his constant companion for several years and is still his good friend.

Elvis was linked romantically with many beauties in the mid-1970s. Sheila Ryan was one. She went on to marry actor James Caan. Diane Goodman, a former beauty queen, was another.

His latest love interest is Ginger Alden, a former Miss World.

Elvis continues to live his secluded existence in Memphis. He's had a recording studio built in his home where he feels most comfortable recording.

Lately, Elvis has been traveling to Nashville with plans to record an album.

He continues to tour and maintain his superstar status. He doesn't even plan to take a year off and rest.

"That would put too many people out of work," he explains, "people who depend on me. If it were just me, I'd walk now. But I can't let the others down."

By BOB BATTLE

Fans will never know how far the career of the spunky golden-voiced Patsy Cline would have gone.

The country music great died in a plane crash March 5, 1963, during a

thunderstorm near Dyersburg, Tenn.—but her legacy lives on after 14 years.

"Her records are played just as if she were alive today," said her widower, Charlie Dick, country

promotion director for Starday Records in Nashville. "None of them are classified as 'oldies.'"

And two of her biggest hits were recently recorded by two of today's top female singers. They climbed to the top once again.

Linda Ronstadt's current release is "Crazy," Patsy's second big hit. "Sweet Dreams"—still getting good play across the country—was a big song for Emmylou Harris last year.

"If you listen to Patsy's record, you know damn well where Linda learned to sing it," Dick told CountryStyle magazine in a taped interview on March 15.

In discussing the two songs, Patsy's widower added, "They are done in almost identical style that Patsy did them—and the background is not all that different."

Miss Cline's LPs still are selling. "The money goes into a trust fund," Dick explained.

"People talk to me about her all the time," said Dick. "She would still be on top if she were alive today."

"But her records—even after all these years—have mass appeal. And you know," he added, "she continues to draw fan mail."

Patsy was at the crescendo of her career with seven solid hits when the plane crashed, snuffing out the lives of fellow entertainers Hawkshaw Hawkins, Cowboy Copas and pilot-piano player Randy Hughes.

But Patsy Cline didn't sing like anybody else.

"As is true with any great singer, she put herself into the story of the song with so much feeling she was able to impart it to you—or to anybody who listened," said Owen Bradley, who headed Decca records at the peak of Miss Cline's success.

Patsy had come back in a resounding financial way after a career marked by poverty-stricken early years, sudden success, prolonged slack of her career, another hit, "I Fall to Pieces," a horrible auto accident, and a determined comeback.

"When she was recovering from the auto accident (which happened June 14, 1961), she came to the studio on crutches," Bradley said. "Her ribs were still so sore she couldn't hit the high note."

"She came back a week later, and did the entire session over again."

"It was another hit—'Crazy.'"

Then came "Heart-aches"—and fame once again.

She received 1962 awards from leading music publications at the WSM Country Music Festival in November, and was officially named "Star Performer of the Year."

Her last album was entitled "Sentimentally Yours."

It was Patsy's goal to make enough money to be able to quit traveling on such a rigid schedule. She wanted to continue performing, but only six or eight days a month.

Patsy may have had her goal in sight.

But if she had reached it, she still would have been unable to resist the kind of thing that led to her death—the chance to help someone else.

She and the others were returning from a benefit performance in Kansas City when the crash occurred. She had sung numerous benefits since her rise to stardom, and was always ready to lend a hand to other performers.

It was Patsy Cline's desire to please that prompted her to change from her original style cowgirl clothing to more conventional dress.

"Nobody has been asking me to wear cowgirl clothes," she answered when someone asked her once why she no longer wore them.

After Patsy's death, Loretta Lynn and Dottie West talked Charlie Dick into going on the road with them to get him away from the Nashville scene.

"I went with them on weekends," Dick said. "I just had to have something to do. They were so much help—as was the late Hubert Long. In fact, he almost arranged Patsy's funeral."

Patsy, who was born September 8, 1932, in Winchester, Va., has a daughter, Julie, 18, and a son, Randy, 16.

"Julie sings a little around the house," Dick said. "Her voice is a little higher than Patsy's."

"She looks a little like her mother."

Miss Cline was elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1973.

She studiously avoided the reputation of being the "forward" type ... even with more than 100 songs on record.



Patsy Cline's Legacy Lives On

John Denver

'The Press Thought He Was A Packaged Commodity. They Thought He Was Gooney. Well, The People Of This Country Made John Denver.' Manager Jerry Weintraub.

The lawyer for the plaintiff, Reverend Williams, rose from his courtroom seat, looked defendant John Denver firmly in the eye, and addressed the judge. "Slander! Slander! Surely cruel, foul!"

What the huh? Accusing boy-next-door John Denver, America's most popular singer, of saying nasty things about . . . a reverend?

Yep, it's all part of Denver's first serious movie role in "Oh God," a comedy to be released early this fall. In it Denver plays a grocery clerk named Jerry Landers who becomes religiously enlightened after an exclusive interview with God (George Burns). As the charismatic clerk, Denver pops up at a revival meeting to warn a religion hungry flock that their snide Pastor Williams is out to fleece them. Hence the courtroom scene.

The religious role is an appropriate one for Denver. He's a student of human potential guru Werner Erhard, has studied Transcendental Meditation and yoga, and has been "Rolfed"—undergone painful massage therapy designed to relieve tension in the body. In the great American tradition, he's dedicated to self-improvement—'70s style.

His music reflects his sentiments: in "Love is Everywhere" he sings, "Life is perfect, I believe it." Only six years ago, Denver was just another folk musician from Texas who had one hit song, "Leaving On a Jet Plane." Today, at 32, he draws top ratings on his TV specials and his albums have sold more than 30 million copies. He's been named entertainer of the year by the Country Music Association. Last year telephone circuits in Lake Tahoe, Nev., went dead when the switchboard at Harrah's was jammed with calls—more than 600,000 in seven days—for reservations at Denver's joint nightclub engagement with Frank Sinatra.

"I'm reminded of what happened to me," Sinatra told "Newsweek" magazine. "Once again America has picked out a hero."

His appeal isn't so mysterious. Country fans enjoyed his bluegrass-flavored pop songs like "Country Roads" and "Thank God I'm a Country Boy" because they were infectious, strong material. In a larger sense, though, the

vast pop audience digs Denver because his songs are easy for the white middle class to relate to. Bob Dylan presents apocalyptic visions and obscure images. Waylon Jennings sings his honky-tonk laments. John Denver sings about matters of concern to the suburban kids as well as the nature freaks. "If you don't have any problems and want to get happy, you listen to John Denver," a fan relates.

Happy music with words you can understand—that's John Denver—the country's joy boy. Although Denver is firmly planted in country music with his chart-topping hits and an entertainer of the year award from the Country Music Association, he doesn't sing about the usual concerns. No songs about drinkin' and cheatin' or loves lost. It's joy music: people get married to his love song to his wife, "Annie's Song." "Rocky Mountain High" tells of his religious rebirth in his 27th year. He says he wrote "Sunshine on My Shoulders" when he was depressed but even then the song came out happy and positive. He can't seem to be anything but optimistic, as his characteristic expression, "Far out," implies.

It wasn't always that way. By his own recollection he grew up insecure, trying to please his father. Henry John Deutchendorf Jr. was born in New Mexico and reared in Texas, Arizona and Oklahoma by his mom and dad, now a retired Air Force lieutenant colonel who holds three world aviation speed records.

"I always thought my dad wanted me to be a football player or a mechanic instead of a musician," Denver says. "He spanked me once for not changing a tire right. It was a traumatic thing to me. I felt stupid." Today his dad pilots John's turquoise-and-orange-trimmed Learjet, and he has traded his military crewcut for longer hair.

Denver's grandmother gave him his first guitar when he was 8 years old, and he listened to country music on the radio. In high school he joined a rock band. "I tried to hold my guitar like Elvis did," he remembers. "But when I'd look in the mirror it didn't look right." He went on to study architecture at Texas Tech but got low grades because he spent most of his time playing guitar.

Denver headed to Los Angeles his junior year and changed his name from Deutchendorf on advice from folk music professionals. His first big break came when he went to New York to audition as Chad Mitchell's replacement in the Chad Mitchell Trio. He got the job. This was all happening during the mid-1960s when the socially conscious folk music boomed in New York's Greenwich Village.

Denver wasn't part of it, however. "I was totally socially unaware," he said. He did learn much professionally, wrote "Leaving On a Jet Plane," a hit for Peter, Paul and Mary, and met his wife, Annie, a coed at Gustavus Adolphus College in Minnesota.

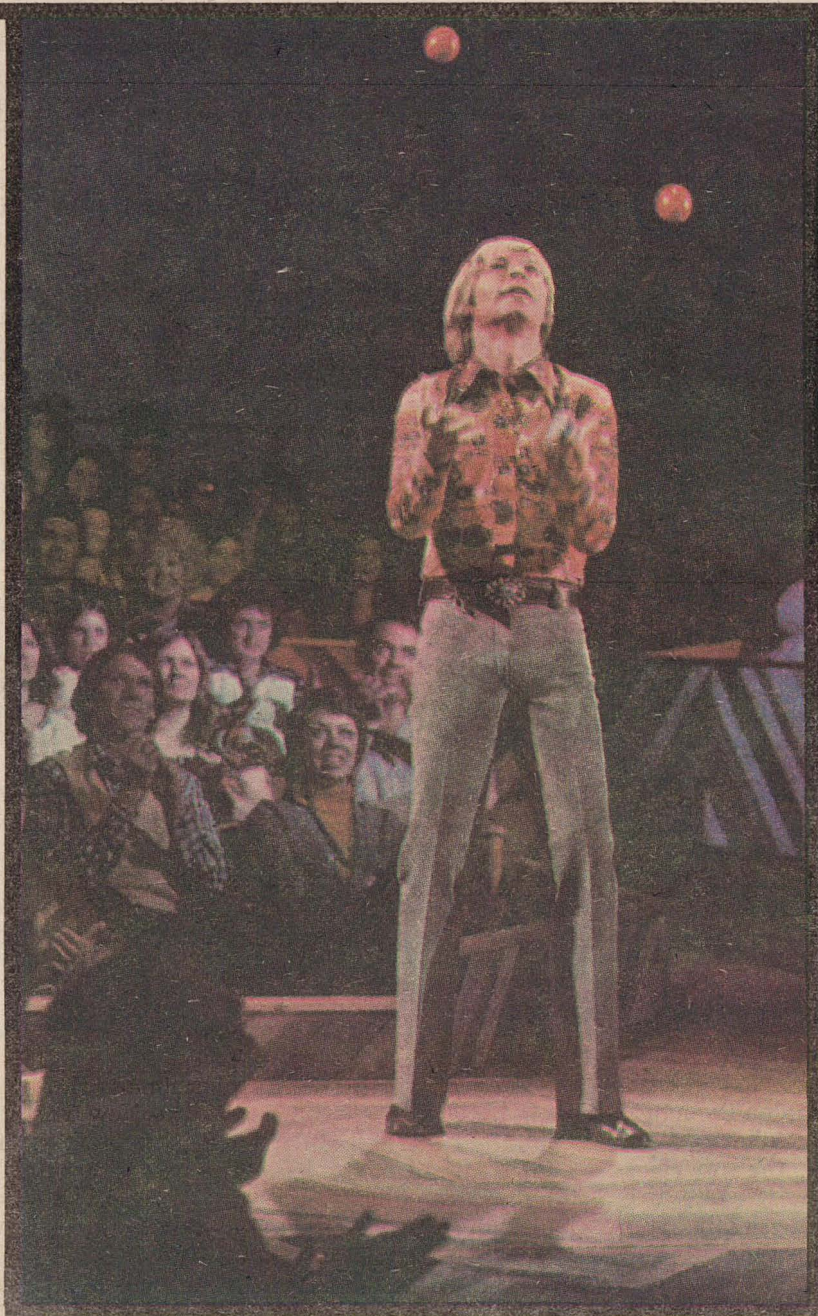
They soon married, the trio dissolved and the Denvers moved to Aspen, which became a major inspiration for his music. In 1971, he found his country voice with "Take Me Home, Country Roads," which became a No.1 hit, and elevated him to stardom.

Getting on television was crucial to placing Denver higher in the firmament, his manager Jerry Weintraub shrewdly calculated. The networks wouldn't buy him at first. Then Weintraub craftily released an album called "John Denver's Greatest Hits" even though his real hits until then added up to two. The album sold millions; the first Denver TV special in 1974 earned top rating and suddenly John Denver had arrived.

The critics thought him too much a joy boy, however. They accused him of being a plastic Pollyanna and a packaged commodity. This ticks off manager Weintraub:

"The press thought he was a packaged commodity. They thought he was gooney. Well, the people of this country made John Denver. I built him from the middle of the country out. John Denver is real."

The critics can't bug Denver, though. He still keeps his positive attitude back on his mountainside retreat in the exclusive Starwood area near Aspen. He entertains his guru friends Werner Erhard and Muktananda and reads "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." Anne and John also adopted a child, Zachary, two years ago, and are trying to adopt a baby girl, Anna Kate, very soon.



John Denver is a man of many concerns. Left, he entertains his nightclub audiences with a crack juggling act—four balls! Right, he looks out of place in the tie, but he wants to make his point about one of his pet projects—preserving the Colorado environment. Below, Denver in his natural Rockies habitat.



A 'Grass' Roots Movement

By JAY MacDONALD

It has become almost impossible to get through a day without hearing bluegrass music.

The maniacally fast "breakdown," rumbling like an avalanche of wood, wire and tin down a steep Smokey Mountain backroad, seems to be the running background music for radio and television, though disc jockeys and program managers refuse to play it because it isn't "popular" and the records don't sell.

Radio and TV advertisers know better, and they use bluegrass to lure us to their new line of pickup trucks, CB radios, lipstick or blue jeans.

More than any other type of music, bluegrass paints a whole way of life in our minds with the mere roll of three fingerpicks. The first ascending notes of "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" trigger visions of Abner and Daisy Mae, moonshine stills and G-men, clear mountain air and slow living.

Bluegrass has become an instantly recognizable sound in American life largely through its brushes with the popular media: the "breakdown" has been used as the musical theme for the long-running television series "The Beverly Hillbillies" and such successful movies as "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Deliverance."

But as a musical discipline, bluegrass has not only endured but flourished despite limited commercial success over its 40-odd years because it taps a very deep well of American tradition.

Though its influences can be traced to the earliest Appalachian folk music and back even to the African chants and Scottish bagpipe styles, most agree bluegrass began in the western Kentucky town of Rosine with a family of 10 named Monroe and one son in particular named Bill. From his birth in 1911, Bill Monroe was surrounded by music of all sorts—his mother's traditional fiddling and singing, the Negro blues of the workers and the eventual combination of the two in the music of Jimmie Rodgers. He received his vocal training from singing in church and served his musical apprenticeship under black fiddler and guitarist Arnold Schultz as well as his effervescent fiddle playing Uncle Pen (who would be the influence of one of Monroe's most popular tunes, "Uncle Pen").

Monroe began playing guitar at age 12 and tried a variety of instruments before settling on his

favorite, the mandolin. He fashioned his style after the fiddlers he heard and played with, much as another traditional great, guitarist Doc Watson, did, and in that was born the exacting, disciplined picking style which characterizes bluegrass.

In 1927, Bill joined older brothers Birch and Charlie (a great bluegrass guitarist) in forming a band that would perform throughout the midwest and south. By 1936, Birch had left the group and Bill and Charlie set their sights on making it as a guitar-mandolin duet, a style then becoming popular. In short order, the essential bluegrass sound—Bill's high wafting harmony singing, the breakneck mandolin and bass guitar runs—made the Monroe Brothers the premier traditional duet during their three year recording career with Bluebird records (1936-'39).

In 1939, the Monroe sound got its name. When Bill and Charlie split to start their own bands, the younger brother called his group the Blue Grass Boys after his native state, and so, much as Al Hopkins had done with his Hillbillies in the early 1920s, Bill Monroe named his own music.

Monroe and his troupe joined the Grand Ole Opry that same year, beginning an association that has spanned nearly four decades. The Blue Grass Boys would become the great spawning pool of bluegrass talent over the years, producing the likes of Don Reno, Carter Stanley, Mac Wiseman, Jimmy

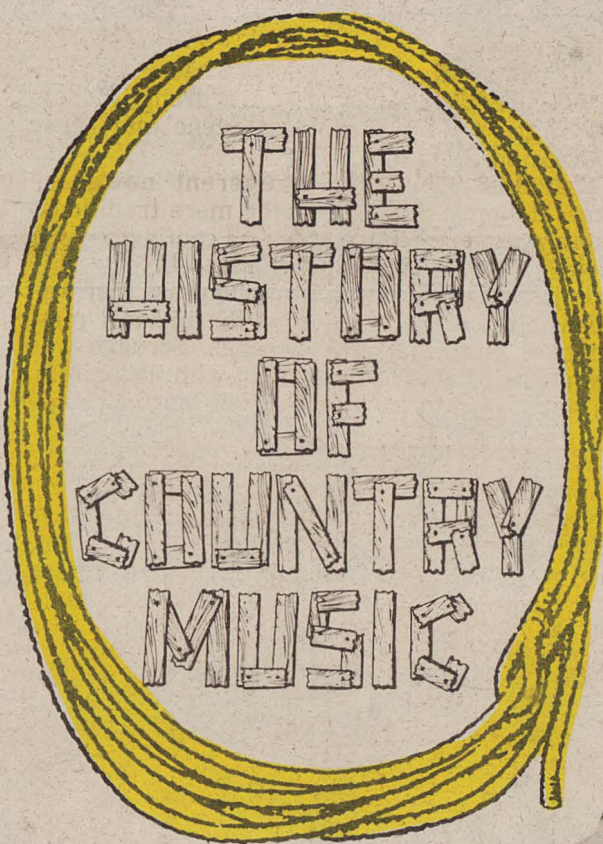
Martin, Gordon Terry, Benny Martin, Sonny Osborne, Vassar Clements and a duet that would bring Monroe's music to the public ear, Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs.

There was, in fact, little to separate the music of Bill Monroe and the Blue Grass Boys from the many other old-time string bands that preceded them. Until 1945, that is, when a 19-year-old named Earl Scruggs came on board with his driving three-finger banjo style and completed the basic bluegrass ensemble.

The banjo had been a sorely neglected instrument since the 1920s and except for the few pioneers like Uncle Dave Macon and Grandpa Jones, was rarely heard at all save as a rouser used by comedians.

But the Shelby, N.C., native changed all that. His unique three-finger roll style revolutionized the music and gave it its most distinctive sound. Scruggs' added the missing piece to what many consider the greatest assemblage of bluegrass talent ever—Monroe on mandolin and vocals, Lester Flatt on guitar, Floridian Chubby Wise on fiddle and Cedric Rainwater on bass. This version of the Blue Grass Boys lasted from 1945 to 1948, when Flatt and Scruggs, tired of touring, took day jobs, only to return to the grind that same year with their own group, the Foggy Mountain Boys.

Though the mainstream of country music took little notice of it, Monroe and Scruggs were



The tremendous popularity of bluegrass music must be attributed to the two men who brought the sound to television and motion pictures, Lester Flatt (right) and Earl Scruggs. Through their "Beverly Hillbillies" theme and "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" used in the movie "Bonnie and Clyde," these two former Blue Grass Boys brought bluegrass to a wider audience. If the result of this popularity has been to relegate the music to background jingles for umpteen commercials, it has also insured its existence, spurring bluegrass festivals and bringing a whole new generation into the pickin' and fiddlin' world.

COUNTRY MUSIC. It's a subject as broad as the 4,000 miles that separate the Atlantic coast from the Pacific, as diverse as the tastes of the people in between. Traditional, bluegrass, rural blues, western swing, rockabilly, Cajun, jazz and country-rock. The many paths detour, yet inevitably merge back into the mainstream of country music. Call it a style, an attitude or a way of thinking, country music is the music of America. This is the ninth of a 12-part series tracing the history of country music as it grew with a young nation over 200 years.

fathering a bluegrass "baby boom" among young listeners throughout the country who were trying to emulate the fancy picking.

For a sound to become a style there must be imitators, and by 1949 Monroe had several, including Ralph and Carter Stanley, Jim and Jesse McReynolds and Don Reno and Red Smiley and the Tennessee Cutups.

The Stanley Brothers and their Clinch Mountain Boys evolved from the pre-World War II old-time string band sound to the new bluegrass wave primarily when Ralph changed from the traditional claw-and-hammer banjo style to the three-finger roll popularized by Scruggs (though he cites North Carolinian Snuffy Jenkins as his influence). The Stanleys were the first group to duplicate Monroe's sound on record with their 1948 single "Molly and Teabrooks," followed closely by Flatt and Scruggs the next year.

Don Reno's banjo style was a bit looser than Scruggs' or Stanley's, borrowing from jazz lead guitarists and the new steel guitar techniques, and he built an avid following similar to Scruggs'.

Bluegrass built a solid following in the 1950s with the continued modest success of Monroe, Flatt and Scruggs and the Stanley Brothers and the blossoming of guitarists Mac Wiseman and Jimmy Martin as vocalists who could sell at the jukebox. Wiseman, whose "high, lonesome" voice recalled Bill Monroe's piercing tenor, recorded "When The Roses Bloom Again" and "I Wonder How The Old Folks Are At Home" and Martin had success with "Sophronie" and "I Like To Hear Them Preach It."

By the late 1950s, bluegrass was well established, if not widely popular, and frankly in something of a slump. The excitement of the original Blue Grass Boys had faded and attempts to recover it were for naught. The young audiences were obsessed with rockabilly and times were hard even for the more conservative country acts.

But the very same dissatisfaction that turned the '50s teenagers away from Frank Sinatra and Patti Page and toward rock and roll led them as well toward bluegrass. It was a folk revival and bluegrass musicians found a place on the stage of college hootenannies, just as rockers were replacing many mainstream country stars whom the young found too commercialized and slick.

It was during the folk revival of the early '60s that bluegrass became as much a part of folk music as country. It was just as natural to see Flatt and Scruggs on stage with the likes of a Pete Seeger or the Kingston Trio as with their fellow Grand Ole Opry members. College beatniks and urban intellectuals embraced bluegrass for the first time, and the air on campus might be cut with strains from "Old Joe Clark" or "Cumberland Blues" as well as Bill Haley or Elvis.

The bluegrass festival became an annual event beginning in 1966, when Carlton Haney held his near Berryville, Va., and Bill Monroe established the Bean Blossom Bluegrass Celebration in Bean Blossom, Ind. Various reunions were held—Bill Monroe with Mac Wiseman, Jimmy Martin and Clyde Moody—and greats like Charlie Monroe, Red Smiley and the Blue Sky Boys were coaxed out of

retirement by public demand. Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper and Homer and Jethro were also popular at festivals.

There was a new faction in bluegrass emerging from the folk revival which was making itself heard, as well: call it progressive bluegrass or "newgrass," it was perhaps the wave of the future for the staunchly traditional discipline.

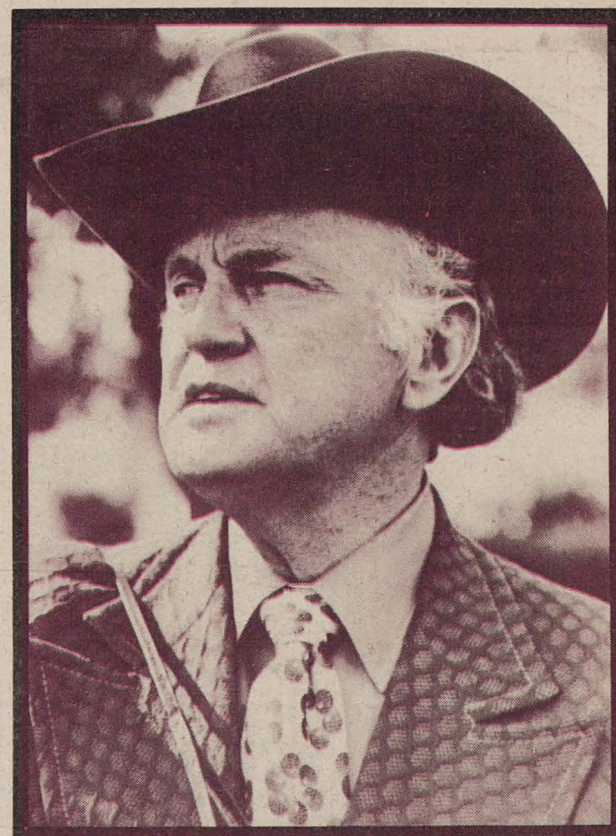
Newgrass was pioneered by a Washington, D.C., based group called the Country Gentlemen as a direct alternative to the sometimes stuffy, drab and pompous traditionalists. The Country Gentlemen, led by guitarist Charlie Waller, was and is a lively group using humor, innovative arrangements and improvisation to open a wider audience for what is essentially bluegrass music.

The Country Gentlemen arguably did bluegrass a service by breaking the "somber barrier," the rigid though unwritten rule that said the music must be delivered unamplified and with a minimum of theatrics. Traditional bluegrass conveys more feeling still, but newgrass has restored the excitement of creativity that has not existed since the music's early days. Other newgrass groups include the Newgrass Revival, Seldom Scene and Piper Road Spring Band.

Regardless, the new, irreverent newgrass pickers did open the door for the more traditional pickers who were beginning to feel confined by the old ways—and many of them followed.

It is just this growing split in bluegrass that was responsible for the breakup of the music's most successful pair, Flatt and Scruggs. Scruggs was drawn to help his sons experiment with fusing folk, rock and bluegrass, while Flatt felt more at home with an easy-listening, country-bluegrass. Their separation in 1969 allowed each to chart his own course and continue to grow musically.

Somewhere in the middle of the bluegrass controversy there were a number of musicians who chose to ignore the whole argument and pursue music as they found it, whether country-bluegrass,



Most credit the farsighted mandolin picker from Rosine, Ky., with developing the "high, lonesome" music that remains the most traditional of the country offshoots; his Blue Grass Boys group was where Monroe's many disciples received their training.

jazz-grass or things stranger still. As the young and old continue to debate, men like Lester Flatt, Jim and Jesse, the Osborne Brothers, Jethro Burns and younger eclectics like John Hartford, Sam Bush and John McEuen are taking bluegrass precision and sentiment in whatever direction they're inclined. The experimental dabbling has turned up some striking new hybrids.

One is tempted to say that the more bluegrass changes, the more it remains the same. Even Monroe, the father of the style, has changed immeasurably since he first showed some friends what he meant by a "high lonesome sound." For there are two things which set the bluegrass picker apart from the country or pop musician: an unswerving devotion to the discipline and a hellbent resolve to expand its limits.

NEXT: "Boppin' The Blues."



First to forge a new direction within the confines of bluegrass were the Country Gentlemen, pictured as they are today (1 to r) James Bailey, Doyle Lawson, Bill Yates and Charlie Waller. The Gents blended in jazz, folk and blues with humor and deft experimentation to pioneer the "newgrass" sound.

In case you've missed any of the previous installments and would like to catch up, you can get back issues of *CountryStyle*. The ad appears on Page 42.

Dean Of The West

By ALAN BOYD MAGERS

Eddie Dean is the seventh son of a seventh son and luck and talent were dealt him from birth.

Born in Posey, Texas, in 1908, Eddie Dean has been an actor, singer, musician, painter and composer. His creativity led to starring roles in 19 films with Producers Releasing Corporation. Dean believed color could be used for low budget westerns and presented his ideas to PRC. They liked the idea and his first starring picture in 1945 was "Song of Old Wyoming," filmed in the new color process, Cinecolor.

It cost \$36,000 and grossed over a million dollars.

Four more of Dean's films were lensed in Cinecolor before the novelty wore off and the costs began to rise. In addition to Eddie, only Gene Autry and Roy Rogers made color pictures during the B-western heydays in the late 1940s. Before "Song of Old Wyoming" was released, Dean had appeared in more than 70 pictures for various studios starting in 1937. He worked in nine Hopalong Cassidy films and many with Bob Steele, Gene Autry, Tex Ritter, Russell Hayden, Don Barry and others.

As a singer there is little doubt he could do more with a song than any other singing cowboy. Today, at the age of 69, Dean can

sing with the same excellent range and control long characteristic of his warm style. He still plays clubs on the West Coast, and it is a real treat to hear his fantastic imitations of Buck Owens, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley and Tex Ritter.

As a songwriter he has written hundreds of songs. Two of them from the '40s are classics . . . "I Dreamed of A Hillbilly Heaven" and "One Has My Name, The Other Has My Heart." According to Dean the latter has been recorded 228 times, rather unusual for a song he says was written in 15 minutes. He recorded for Capitol in the 1940s, and more recently he recorded

several LPs for Jimmy Wakely's Shasta label and his own Sage & Sand label.

His latest LP, "Dean Of The West," consists of 10 songs from his western movies. This LP was released during the Western Film Convention last June in Los Angeles where Dean was an honored guest.

Dean's career began after high school when he and a quartet toured the Midwest. In 1930 Eddie and his brother appeared on WHBW, Topeka, Kansas, for two years. He went to Chicago and national network radio broadcasts including the National Barn Dance and "Modern Cinderella." He had the male lead on this CBS

program. In 1937 Dean left for Hollywood. Through the years he played bit parts in over 70 films and by 1944 was the featured male vocalist on the "Judy Canova Show." He was also a soloist on the "Western Varieties" show on KTLA about this time.

In 1944 he co-starred with Ken Maynard in "Harmony Trail" and then went into his own series at PRC from 1945 to 1948. In the late '40s "Motion Picture Herald" voted him one of the top money-making western stars. Unfortunately he achieved stardom too late in films and the poverty row PRC studio lacked real production values. By the early '50s all the low

budget western cowboys had bitten the dust due to rising production costs and the encroachment of TV into movie boxoffice business.

It was Eddie's movie series that served to introduce a supporting actor named Al LaRue. Dressed all in black, with a snarl on his lips and a bullwhip in his hand he soon became famous as Lash LaRue.

Eddie also has a daughter, eight grandchildren and one great grand-daughter. He lives near L.A. with his wife of many years, Dearest. He spends his time painting, composing and playing golf. A warm, talented, gentle man . . . Eddie, Dean of the West.



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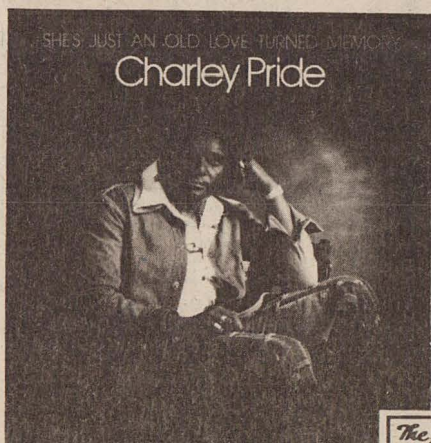
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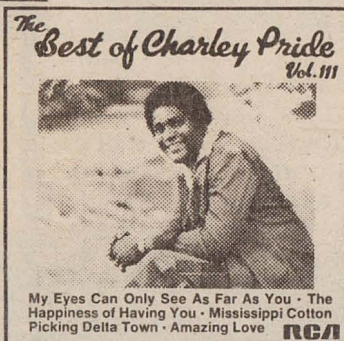


RCA
Records



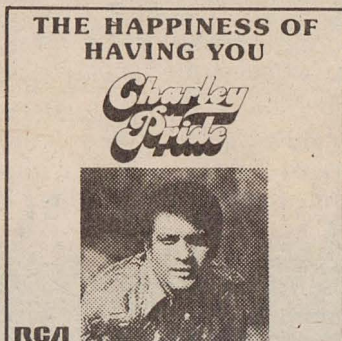
"She's Just A Old Love Turned Memory"
"Rhinstone Cowboy"
"A Whole Lotta Things To Sing About"

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"My Eyes Can Only See As Far As You"
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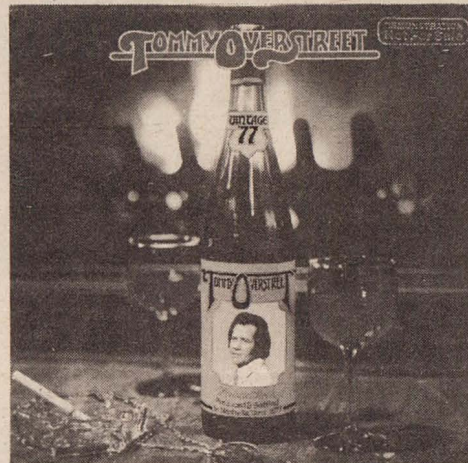
James Talley BLACKJACK CHOIR St-11605

Just as President Kennedy gave Ian Fleming's career a boost when he told reporters he read James Bond, it looks like James Talley is getting there just a bit faster thanks to Jimmy Carter. Not that Talley needs the President's support, there seems to be a grass roots Talley movement that defies the charts and the disc jockeys, many of whom do not seem to have caught on yet to this man's magic. That's not surprising, for Talley doesn't do it like the chartbusters do. There are few hook choruses and gimmick melodies on this album, just some laid-back singing, some tasteful picking and simple song painting. He sings blues not with the screeching, soul-rending wails that today's bluesmen affect, but understated, more like the street singers of fifty years ago. Talley just might be a second coming of Jimmie Rodgers. The first side of this album starts out—okay—with the third cut, "Everybody Loves A Love Song," turning the listener on to a few pleasant Dixieland sounds. "Magnolia Boy" is very bluesy, very good, and "Mississippi River Whistle Town" is great. Side two doesn't quite continue the excitement created by the quality built on side one, but it's mighty fine anyway.



Tommy Overstreet VINTAGE '77

With only 10 cuts, the latest Tommy O. set is a bit short on tunes, but fans will like his recent hit "If Love Was a Bottle of Wine" and his new single "Don't Go City Girl On Me." Overstreet doesn't quite get the most out of his material here, though there are some nice arrangements on "My Thoughts Go Back To You" and "Two Pretty Words." The rocker here, "Moment of Weakness," doesn't quite get it and "Lady Beware" suffers likewise. Overstreet just doesn't open up very well and perhaps is out of his element with rock. For a guy who is more a pop singer than a country

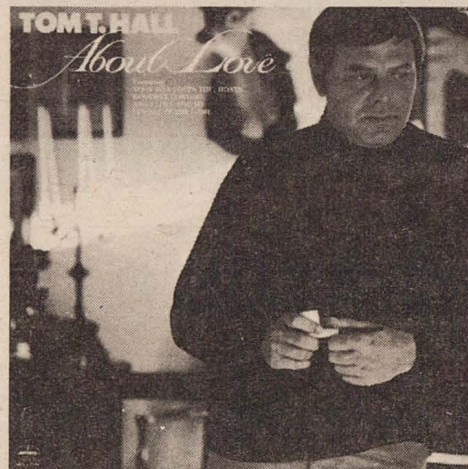


crooner, Tommy O. has inspired a devoted following and this gives them another pleasant, if predictable, album.

Best Bet

Tom T. Hall ABOUT LOVE Mercury SRM-1-1139

Quite a change from his spry "Magnificent Music Machine," Tom T. Hall returns to the simple, effective language that characterized his finest works, "Clayton Delaney" and "Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine." "About Love" is exactly that, a dozen songs about the different facets of love. In his seven new tunes here, Tom T. paints a picture of himself as an "imperfect good friend," a sometimes drunkard who nonetheless loves and cares deeply about the little wonders in an all-too-confounding life. No one beats T. at counting his blessings ("I love . . ." is a good example of this), and perhaps his most touching song here is one of the simplest, "A Whole Lot Of Love," which lists all the wonderful things on "a farm in Tennessee like Old McDonald's was." The subtle banjo work of Bobby Thompson adds immeasurably on this fine tune. "Your Man Loves You, Honey," his newest single, is one of those lovable songs you can see coming a mile away, one that can't fail to coax a smile from the patient wife and the imperfect husband. Hall shows us what sadness there is in loving freely in "One



Of The Mysteries Of Life" and "Goodbye Cowgirl," not by moaning or crying in his beer, but by simply describing love situations and letting us fill in our own specifics. "Time Takes Care Of A Few Things (Love Takes Care Of The Rest)" is something of a celebration of love in a bewildering world.

Don McLean's "And I Love You So" and Tom Jans' "Lovin' Arms" are nice vehicles for Hall's intimate vocal approach. If there is a weakness to "About Love," it is a dependence on lush orchestration where a simple vocal with guitar accompaniment might have been more appropriate, as on "Goodbye Cowgirl" and "And I Love You So." But like the "imperfect good friend," the listener will love this album all the same.

Rates

Willie Nelson WILLIE BEFORE HIS TIME RCA APL1-2210

"All my words come back to me in shades of mediocrity." That Paul Simon line came to mind about 10 seconds into this new old Willie Nelson album, yet another rerelease of "what you were missing a few years back," to quote Don Cusic's liner notes. Evidently we weren't missing much; this set has about as little life as any we've seen from Nelson, though he's not to fault for that. If RCA wants to further cash in on the star they didn't make, they're going to have to find some livelier Nelson material in the vaults than this, however. There are moments; interesting ones like Nelson's staccato singing on "One In A Row," slickly Nashville orchestrated ones (sadly on the only two up-tempo songs) on "I'm A Memory" and "How Long Have You Been There," some embarrassing ones as on "She's Not For You." Occasionally there is a cut that features spare instrumentation, such as "Stay Away From Lonely Places," and here Nelson is shown for the intimate performer he is; the artist who has inspired such a devoted following. For avid fans this might be an interesting chance to hear how Nelson sounded trying to rise above the Nashville sound. As it was his house there burned down, so much the better for Willie, and he escaped the lush arrangements and nine Nashville intros. The unkindest cut of all is that Ol' Waylon and his drummer, Richie Albright did the remixing, and did it poorly; Nelson sounds by turns like he's in the men's room, on the roof of the RCA building and stumbling around in the middle of a Nashville Brass rehearsal. Such is the price of stardom, one suspects.



The Records

Up
And
Coming

Linda Cassady
JUST BEIN' ME
Cin/Kay SCK 0001

Featuring her hit song "I Don't Hurt Anymore," Linda Cassady's got herself a real fine showcase here. One is as impressed with her writing talent as her pleasing, deep-country voice; bigger things may be in store for her. She writes from the scorned woman's point of view with insight and spunk in "If It's Your Song You Sing It," and from the wife-in-the-middle in "The Sounds Of Love," which speaks with unusual frankness to "the games people play." She does a cute takeoff on the old "Let's Make A Deal" line (a la Jimmy Buffett) with "Door Number Two," in which she asks the musical question, "Would you trade off what you've got for door number two?" And she shows a woman's vulnerability in "Do You Still Want What's Left Of Me?" and "Baby There's Nothing Wrong With Me." Linda Cassady can deal intelligently with the full range of a woman's feelings and deliver her songs with energy and guts.

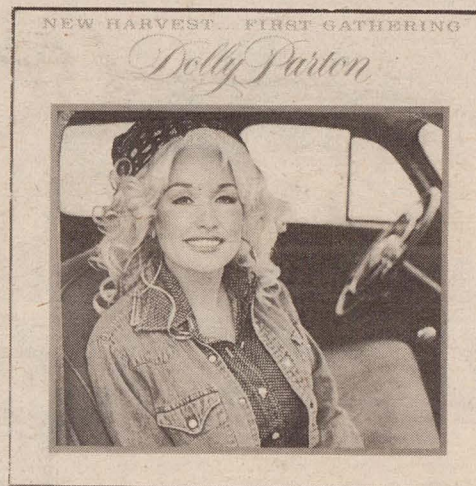


38 SPECIAL
A&M Records SP-4638
When dealing with yet another country-rock bar band, albeit one featuring Lynyrd Skynyrd's Ronnie Van Zant's little brother Donnie, recruited by another record label to cash in on the Eagles' sound, restraint is in order. It is necessary to remember that the Eagles sound was also

highly derivative (which means they stole a whole lot) from the likes of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, the Byrds and the Beach Boys; yet they were able to take it and put their brand on it. So it is always with some hesitation that one criticizes these spinoff Eagles. Still, 38 Special shows little promise of rising above the limitations of the average bar-

Dolly Parton
NEW HARVEST...FIRST
GATHERING
APL-1-2188

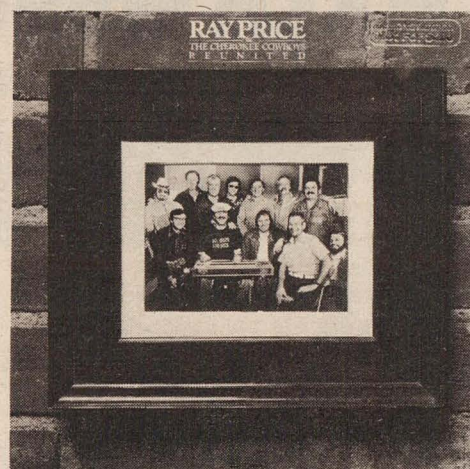
Arguing the relative merits of one kind of music over another is like saying Dolly Parton's songs are better than Bob Dylan's on the basis of her chest size. Today, as country, pop and rock musicians increasingly beg, borrow and steal best licks from each other, musical boundaries blur, trying to separate music into categories becomes akin to the Middle Ages philosophers' arguing about how many angels can fit on the head of a pin. Not only it is dumb, it's also impossible to answer. Nevertheless, country music purists will say that Dolly Parton sold out with her new album, "New Harvest...First Gathering," because only one song, "Applejack," a pleasant banjo ballad, sounds country. And two other cuts, "My Girl" and "Higher and Higher," are Motown classics. Dolly Parton is a fine singer, and as eight songs on the album prove, a good songwriter. In addition, she arranged and produced the album. However, her voice



can't carry "Higher and Higher." For her to sing Motown is like taking away Norman Rockwell's paint brush and giving him a camera—it's the wrong artform, even though the end product isn't all that bad. The rest of the songs are well done but none of them sticks out except for "Holdin' On To You," a funky number reminiscent of her hit "All I Can Do," and "Where Beauty Lives in Memory." This song tells a poignant story of a beautiful woman who piles her hair high on her head and wears painted lips and tight dresses, waiting in a room for a fairy prince lover who left her 40 years ago. If you could just forget that Dolly Parton ever sang some great country songs then maybe you could appreciate this album.

Ray Price
and the Cherokee Cowboys
REUNITED
ABC DO-2073

Ray Price always had a way of mixing country sentiments with pop production for a sound that bears up well through repeated listening. This set is no exception. Price reunites with his old backup band from the Texas dancehall days and mixes some refreshing contemporary numbers with some of the old standards by Price, Harlan Howard and Bob Wills for a pleasant, easy-going set. The best of the lot, surprisingly, is Bob Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," but Jessi Colter's "Storms Never Last," Ray Griff's "The Mornin' After Baby Let Me Down" and "You Done Me Wrong" (which



Price co-wrote with Shirley Jones) also receive the Price polish readily. My dog would howl along with this if I gave him half a chance, which is the true test of any Price album.

room band. The writing is nondescript, the themes contrived, the instrumentation unimaginative and predictable and the vocals merely adequate. If there is a saving grace to this collection of endless boogie, pregnant pauses, vocal crescendos and hollow words, it is pictured on the cover—they refrain from wearing cowboy hats and boots.

Speaking Of Singles

Russ Elmore
OKLAHOMA LADY
JCM

Aside from a hard hitting three-second intro, there is precious little to recommend Russ Elmore or his ballad. This is pretty much the standard anthem to a woman and there's no particular hook or polish to it.

John Avery Mote
MOMMA'S PRIDE
Jam Records

John Avery Mote is not going to be a household word this year. Most of "Momma's Pride" sounds like a dozen other songs about the boys that momma loved.

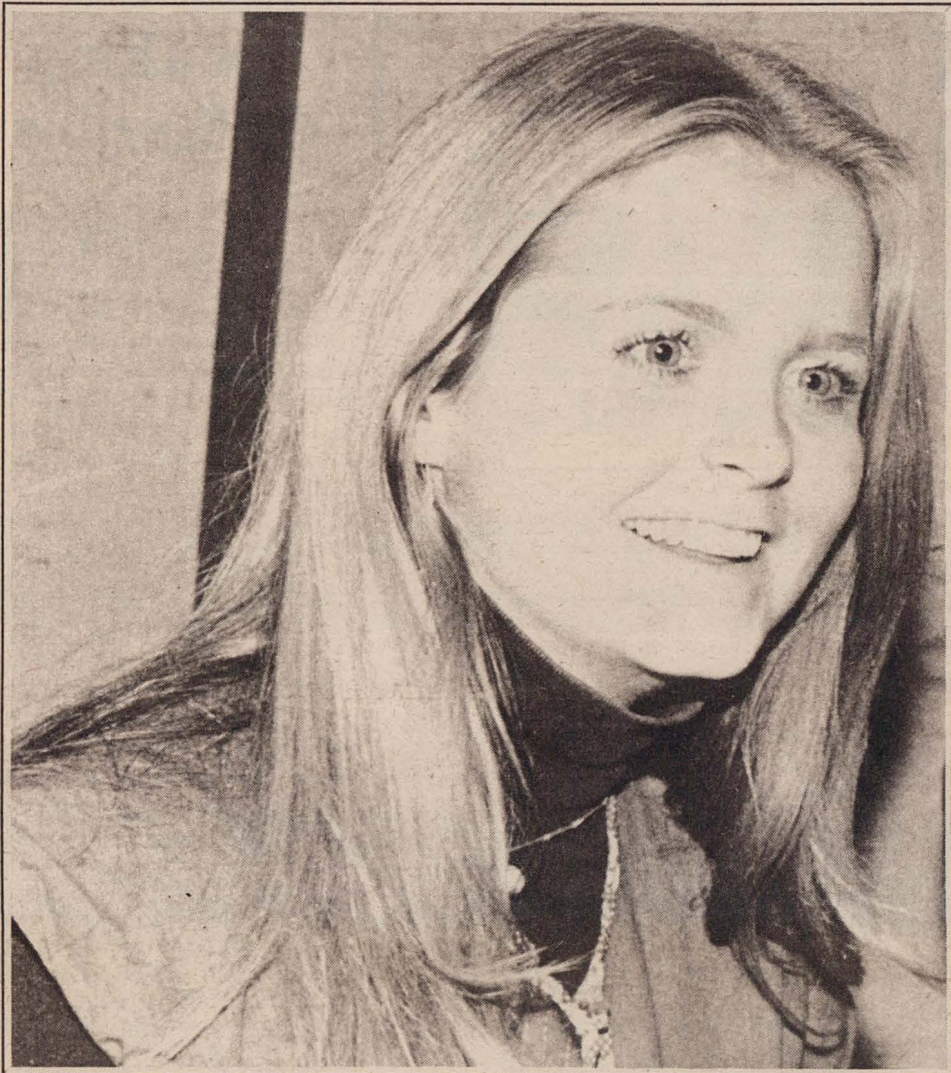
Clinton Caldwell
DON'T BE BLAMING MARY
OMNI Records

Clinton Caldwell has a pleasant voice that carries this lush easy listener along pretty well. The lyrics are just this side of corny and the flowery chorus and insistent steel guitar get carried away now and then, but Caldwell could have * potential.

Merle Haggard
IF WE'RE NOT BACK
IN LOVE BY MONDAY
MCA

This sounds strangely familiar, but stone Haggard fans have barely gotten tired of "If We Can Make It Through September," so the similarities are all welcome. Haggard has the most distinctive voice in country music today, and this one is almost a sure bet to hit the top (maybe just behind Crystal's latest). That Bakersfield sound, despite the drought thereabouts, is better than ever.





Dotsy wants a dual career as a country singer and a teacher of mentally retarded children.

Dotsy Seeking Spark To Relight Her Young Career

By JOHN MOULDER

Last week, Dotsy packed the Town Pump in Regina, Saskatchewan. This week she is at her parents' home in the dust-blown south Texas town of Seguin trying to get her old Volkswagen fixed. Next week she'll be in Nashville's RCA studios, fingers crossed, hoping to emerge with a hit to pump new life into her uncertain career.

It's been almost two years since the name of Dotsy achieved overnight prominence in country music with the release of two songs that became hits. Her very first recording, Jessi Colter's "Storms Never Last," made the Top 10 in only six weeks. Her second recording, Susana Clark's "I'll Be Your San Antone Rose" shot into the Top 20.

Since then little has been heard about the pretty blue-eyed blonde who wants a dual career as a country singer and a teacher of mentally retarded children.

Dotsy is secretive about her recording plans. "Wait and see," she told CountryStyle. "Roy Dea, my producer, and I are looking at some really good songs. It might be jinxing to name some of them in advance."

Dotsy said she is now in the process of moving from the apartment she and two roommates shared in Austin to San Antonio, where her boy friend, Robin Dwyer, is going to law school.

"One of my roommates went to England to get married," Dotsy said. Her other roommate, popular Austin singer Suze Raff, is trying to get a recording contract. So they all decided to give up the apartment.

Dotsy is a student at the University of Texas, with just a few hours to go before getting a teaching certificate. She's found it hard to attend classes, being on the road singing in nightclubs so much.

"I want to teach if I can find time to do it," she

said. "I want to teach music to mentally retarded children. I find it fulfilling."

Dotsy got her recording contract with RCA in 1974 after Tex-Mex music pioneer Johnny Rodriguez and his manager Happy Shahan took her under their wings. But she's been making audiences tap their toes since she was a 10-year-old choir girl at Emanuel's Lutheran Church in Seguin.

Her dad was assistant fire chief at Randolph Air Force Base and Dotsy was invited to entertain at a district fireman's convention in Seguin. Dotsy sang hillbilly songs while 12-year-old Clark Grein picked the guitar.

From then on it was one talent contest after another. Barely 13, she was singing on the Grand Ole Opry with Bobby Bare. At 16 she was with the Opry again, singing with Conway Twitty and Hank Williams Jr., Sonny James and Ray Price.

Four years ago, when Dotsy was 19, she made the acquaintance of Happy Shahan, the Texas baron who made his fortune in movies, tourists, records, Angus cattle and Johnny Rodriguez. Dotsy was still with Clark Grein, who had a band called the Easy Riders, when Shahan heard her sing and signed her as a member of his stock company at Alamo Village at Brackettville.

She played a rodeo in Austin with Johnny Rodriguez, who then was managed by Shahan (since then, they've split), and Rodriguez asked her to appear on a radio show with him. From there it was a hop, skip and jump to Nashville.

In her hometown, she is Dotsy Brodt—the last name means 'bread' in the German language. "My family (she has four sisters) and my friends in my hometown are really behind me," Dotsy said.

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All Systems 'Go' For Greene

Jack Greene claims that necessity made him totally revamp his act recently.

"You must keep up with the times," Greene says. "When I first formed my road show in 1969, we were unique. We had flash and splash, what with our fancy sequined outfits and all. Today, however, sequins are out and denim is in. So, I adapted."

From 1969 through July 1976, Greene and his band, The Jolly Green Giants, offered the public a glittery show that was some parts Nashville and some parts Las Vegas. The act's featured vocalist, Jeannie Seely, wore clothes featuring plunging necklines, backless blouses, bare midriff fronts and ultratight hip-hugger slacks.

For a time, the sparkle of Greene's mod-country stageshow drew crowds. But as the years rolled on, Greene was forced to look back at his career and evaluate the pluses and minuses of his style of music.

The results were not encouraging. From 1969 to 1976 neither Greene nor Miss Seely, together or as soloists, had earned a gold record. Furthermore, in that seven-year period they had billed themselves as country music's most popular duet, but, in truth, they had been nominated for the Country Music Association's best duo award only five times, and they never won.

"Country music was going through a change during those years," Greene says. "Our show had both its best and worst breaks at that time. We were still finding ourselves then. We played in some dives, but in 1973 we also played at the White House and at the International Country Music Festival in England. We were up and down."

When the new Jack Greene show appeared early last July, Greene stunned the public. Gone were the sequined outfits, replaced by the new rugged look of denim, bluejeans and leather. Gone was the cutesy-pie band name of The Jolly Green Giants. The new name is The Renegades.

"Once I started modifying the show," Greene confides, "I really got excited about creating a whole new image for us."

Internal changes were made in the act, too. Bass guitarist Noel Stanley and banjoist Bob Whitton remained with the band, but everyone else was replaced. New band members included drummer Ricky Taylor and steel guitarist Wayne Cox.

Even the old tour bus was replaced by a new Silver Eagle bus, featuring color TV, tape recorder, eight-track stereo deck, central heat and air conditioning, barnwood and customized leather interior, a bathroom and three bedrooms.

"After making so many changes in our stage appearance, our band and our act, we were nervous on the first night before a live audience," Greene recalls. "We debuted the new act at The Godfather Club in Nashville. The audience loved the show. We brought the house down that night, once we got rolling."

Last November, the act set at-



It's been over a decade since Jack Greene set the country music world on its ear with "There Goes My Everything." Since then it's been a constant struggle to keep up with the changing times and plugging for that next hit record.

tendance records at the Three Musketeers Theatre at Busch Gardens in Williamsburg, Va. In January, Greene and Miss Seely were busy doing TV guest shots on "Nashville On The Road" and other syndicated country shows. Of course, each is a member of the Grand Ole Opry, which has helped in the promotion of their "new look."

"Many people look at the star of a roadshow and envy him," Greene says. "But my job is not just record royalties and fan mail. This recent revamping of my act shows the other part of my life—the concern over public appeal, the planning that goes into making a marketable stage show and the work to keep everyone happy, from the deejays to the record buyers."

Perhaps one of the reasons that Jack Greene has such an understanding of what the public wants in music is the fact that he has a broad background in country music.

Greene, a native of Maryville, Tenn., started working as a drummer and harmony vocalist on his hometown radio station WGAP when he was only 14. In 1960 he went to Nashville as a session musician and in 1962 he became one of Ernest Tubb's Texas Troubadours.

In 1964 Greene released his first record, "The Last Letter," which had been a cut on an album by the Troubadours. In 1967 he released, on the old Decca label, a song written by

Dallas Frazier called, "There Goes My Everything." That hit was the making of Jack Greene. It netted four CMA awards that October and Greene was named "Most Promising Male Vocalist" by "Billboard," "Cashbox" and "Record World" for 1967.

His other hits include "Lord, I Need Somebody Bad," "Statue of a Fool," "What Locks the Door," and most recently, "You Are My Treasure." In 1968 he was nominated for a Grammy for "All The Time" and in 1969 he and Miss Seely earned a Grammy nomination for their duet, of "Wish I Didn't Have To Miss You."

"I'm a realist," Green says today. "It has been a decade since 'There Goes My Everything' knocked the music industry on its ear. Nothing like that has ever happened to me since, and I really don't expect it to again. But it doesn't worry me. I do 215 personal appearances each year, my records get good airplay and now and then I get nominated for a Grammy. I enjoy my work, it's steady and it gives me a good life."

When not on tour with The Renegades, Greene is a dedicated businessman. He owns 78 acres of choice grazing land near Goodlettsville, Tenn., where he raises beef cattle and assorted livestock. Greene also is the owner of two independent publishing firms, JaRay Music and Teeoff Tunes.

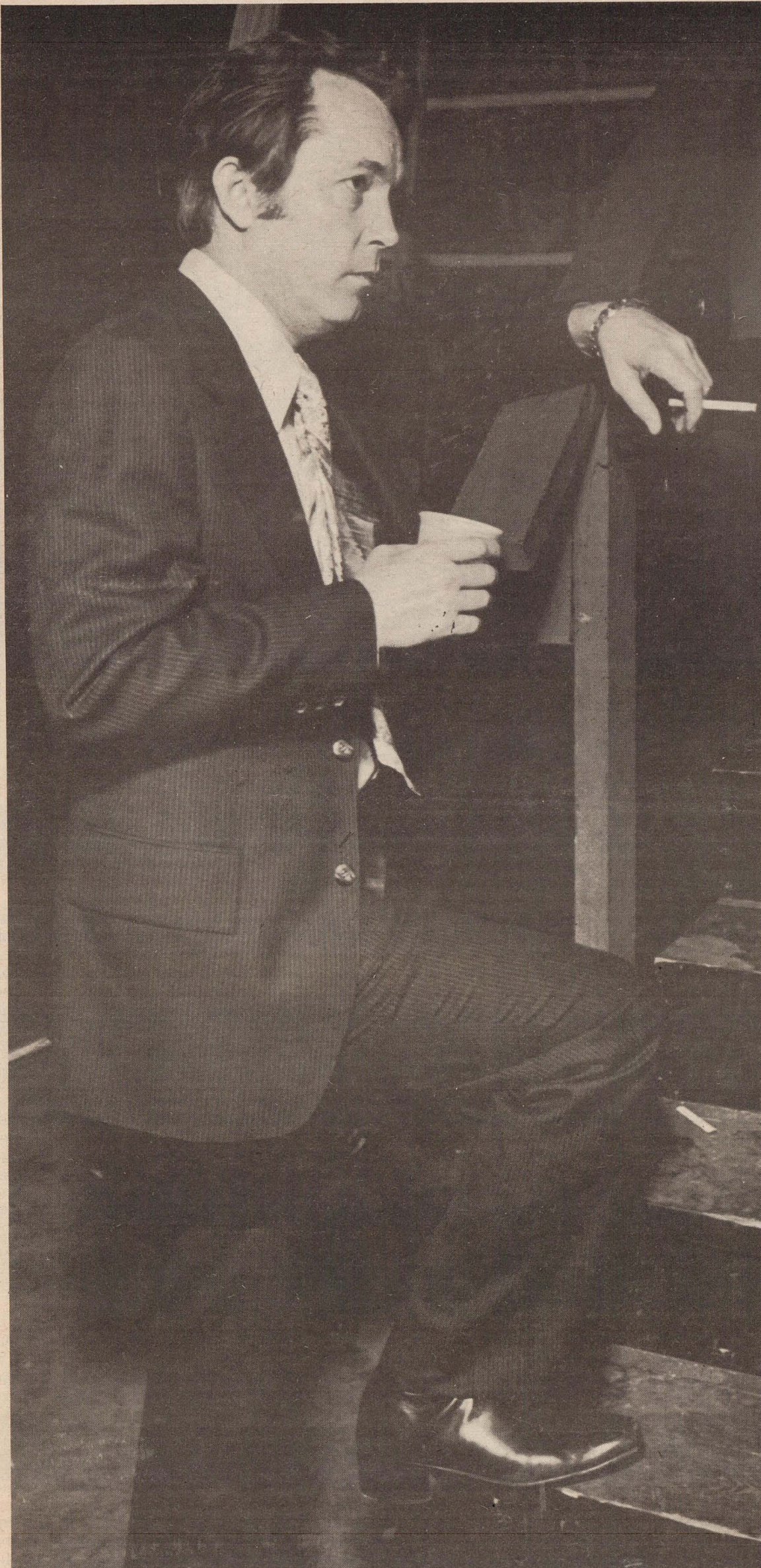
Greene's favorite singers in the country field are Ray Price and Don Gibson, but he also listens to records by Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra to hear their phrasings, arrangements and tempos. His theory is that a vocalist should not be unaware of the numerous musical stylings that please audiences.

And on the subject of audiences, he says that during the next three years he is going to concentrate on expanding his exposure in other parts of the world.

"I've already taken steps in that direction," Greene notes. "My band and I appeared at the Wembley festival in England in 1973 and 1976, and Jeannie Seely and I have made numerous appearances on the Tommy Hunter Show and the Ian Tyson Show on Canadian TV. In the future I want to do appearances in Japan and Europe on a regular basis, too."

Looking back over his 25 years in country music, Jack Greene claims that it has been worth the effort. He now has a nice home, five kids, a solid career, an open avenue for his creative expression and a bright future.

Laughs Greene, "When I became a solo artist, I wore tweed sportsjackets. With The Jolly Green Giants and Jeannie Seely I wore rhinestones and sequins. Now, with The Renegades, I am wearing denim and leather. I'm like a show business chameleon. A few years from now, I just might be changing again."



Billy Sherrill,

By MIKE KOSSER

Tammy Wynette, Tanya Tucker, Johnny Paycheck, Charlie Rich, Barbara Mandrell, Johnny Duncan. Six of the biggest names in country music, and Billy Sherrill made 'em all.

For 10 years Billy Sherrill has been the undisputed king of Nashville's recording industry—the idol and envy of his musical colleagues, who often copy his methods; the target of all the funky cult magazines, who scorn his positive love songs and string-laden arrangements. During these 10 years he has done more than simply write and produce more hits than anybody else. He has redefined the Nashville Sound, reshaped it for consumption by an ever-widening country music audience. It's Sherrill who took country uptown to stay, yet he did it not with middle-of-the-road crooners but with the cream of country singers like Paycheck, Wynette and the great George Jones.

"I can't pick up a magazine without reading about what rotten records I make," says the outspoken vice-president of arrangements and repertoire for CBS Records in Nashville. "They'll give some album a five-star review, and when I look up sales on that album it's about 200 copies. Then I read about one of mine and they call it 'more of Sherrill's pabulum,' and it goes to No. 1 in sales. It's a cult thing, you know."

Sherrill has dominated Nashville music for so long that he is now "the establishment," the guy every failure blames for his lack of success. "Billy Sherrill won't listen to my songs. Billy Sherrill only cuts songs written by him and his friends. Billy Sherrill doesn't know how to cut George Jones (or Johnny Paycheck or Charlie Rich or...)."

It's 5:30 p.m. Almost everybody else on Nashville's music row is fixing to go home but Sherrill is staying late, not only for a

magazine interview, but to find a hit song for Freddy Weller, whom he is scheduled to record tomorrow. A dark-haired, bearded man from United Artists Publishing walks into Sherrill's office. He is Richard Leigh, who wrote the smash hit "I'll Get Over You" for Crystal Gayle. Sherrill has never met Leigh, but somebody once sent over one of Richard's songs for Freddy Weller and both Sherrill and Weller love the song—except for one part. "See if the two of you can figure something out that'll work, and we'll talk in the studio," says Sherrill, walking out and leaving the songwriter and the singer and the song closeted in one room.

In the half light of Columbia's studio B, Billy Sherrill seats himself on a stool and speaks. "Right where you're sitting," says Sherrill, "is where Tammy cut Apartment Number 9," her first hit. At the time she was Virginia Wynette or something like that and the day before, recalls Sherrill, she had walked into his office looking like she was about finished.

"She played me some songs which were okay but not great, and her singing didn't really knock me out, so I did my usual song and dance about why don't you go home and write some better songs and come back in two weeks and maybe we'll do something but she said naw, she'd had it and she was going back to Mississippi for good and this was her last shot.

"It just happens that at that time there was a great song out called 'Apartment Number 9,' by Bobby Austin. I had tried to buy the master but that little label it was on wouldn't sell, and anyway, the singer was a guy and I thought it was a great woman's song. I played the record for her and asked her what she thought of the song and she said she thought it was great. At that time I had no girl singers to produce so I told her to be in my office the next morning to learn some songs 'cause I'd be recording her that evening."

It took a lot of explaining to convince Virginia

Billy Sherrill has dominated Nashville music for so long that he is now "the establishment."

King Of The Recording Industry

Wynette that her leg wasn't being pulled, and the following evening she cut her first session for Epic Records. At the end of the session Jerry Kennedy, the session leader, turned to Sherrill and said quietly, "Do you know what you've got there?" And she hadn't even been named yet.

Billy Sherrill is the son of a wandering Baptist preacher and as such grew up in Alabama, Arkansas and Texas. Early on he learned piano and saxophone and played with blues and rock bands. He never really cared for country until 1960, and his musical conversion was almost as sudden as the conversions his daddy was accustomed to inspiring with his preaching.

"I had just played a dance in Sulligent, Ala., and was driving home in a 1957 Ford retractable hardtop that I was never gonna get finished paying for. It was about 2 a.m. and I was listening to WLAC (a Nashville pop station), when suddenly it went off the air. I turned to WSM and there was George Jones singing, 'Seasons of My Heart.' That was it. I moved up to Nashville and got a job engineering for Sam Phillips."

Soon he would be working for Epic Records recording the Staple Singers, Jim and Jesse and Charlie Walker. "A record executive named Bob Morgan had heard some tapes I had made by myself in Sam's studio and asked me if I wanted to produce for Epic. Then he handed me the keys to the office and started me at \$8,000 a year.

"We were selling about 20,000 records a release when we recorded 'Almost Persuaded' on David Houston, as a B side. One day an order comes in from Atlanta alone for 10,000 and I thought they'd added an extra zero or two by mistake." No mistake; it was the first of an incredible series of successes for Sherrill.

It's nighttime in Nashville's neon entertainment strip, Printer's Alley, and a mellow Billy Sherrill is seated watching an adorable girl



Billy Sherrill with Tammy Wynette at Nashville's Pickin' Parlor.

singer bounce around a stage, singing her heart out and jumping from steel guitar, to bass, to banjo, to saxophone and playing each one masterfully. "Hey!" he says, "I want to sign you up and cut some hit records with you." The next day, says Billy, Barbara Mandrell bounced into his office and he had to back up his big talk. The result was a string of hit records, including "Midnight Oil," which went to No. 1.

Charlie Rich was another story—not much bounce to Charlie. He'd made a living for generations, it seemed, sitting down at the piano and rendering soulful bluesy things. Occasionally his recording career would produce a hit, like "Lonely Weekends" or "Mohair Sam," but he never seemed to gather any real momentum.

"I first met Charlie," Sherrill remembers, "at Phillips International, Sam Phillips' Nashville label, and I told him someday I'd like to get together with him and make some country records. I didn't think much more about it and he went on to Mercury and RCA while I wound up at Epic. Then one day he took me up on it, and we cut

decent country records together for five years and most of them didn't do much."

One day Kenny O'Dell walked in and played Billy a song called "Behind Closed Doors." A week later, Kenny came back to see Charlie. Kenny was leaving. The door was open and was just about to close behind him when Billy said, "Hey—how about that song you played me last week? You know I kind of like that."

If we had waited one second more he would have been gone," says Sherrill, shaking his head. His timely memory brought Charlie a gold single, platinum album, and a brand new career.

What a career for Billy Sherrill! Co-writer on "Stand By Your Man," "Almost Persuaded," "My Elusive Dreams," "Most Beautiful Girl" and dozens of other monsters. His stylish production has, in addition to those previously mentioned, brought hits to Bobby Vinton, Jody Miller, Barbara Fairchild and Marty Robbins, but perhaps (only time will tell) his most enduring creation will have been Tanya Tucker, who has since gone on to MCA Records.

"Delores Fuller (a Las Vegas talent manager)

drove me into signing that girl!" he exclaims. "I met Delores in Las Vegas and later she sent a tape of Tanya. When I went back to Vegas I told Tanya and her dad that if I can find the right song for her I'd like to record her—same old song and dance. But Delores just wouldn't leave me alone. She actually drove me into signing Tanya. Tanya came to town and we found a mediocre bunch of songs for her. The night before the session I was sitting up at home watching Johnny Carson when Bette Midler came on and sang 'Delta Dawn'! I flipped out! And I must have called up half of New York trying to find out where I could get my hands on that song before I found it had been written by Alex Harvey and Larry Collins right here in Nashville.

"First I wanted to sign Bette Midler but it turned out she was signed already, then I thought of Tanya." The result was a 300,000 selling record, a giant in country. "Helen Reddy cut it and had a huge pop record with it. Her producer later sent me a telegram saying, 'thanks for the arrangement.'"

Does Sherrill have a success secret? If he does, it's the same one every successful Nashville producer claims to have.

"The play's the thing," he says, meaning that the song is the mother of almost all hit records. The play's the thing. Maybe he's cribbing a bit from Shakespeare, but it fits nevertheless. "I don't say a lot of building up things about my artists," he says. "I don't care how good he sings, without a hit song all he's got is just another record. You know, I'm not doing you a favor when I cut your song. I need that song. The songwriter is the most miserably paid guy in the music business!"

Bob Montgomery, Nashville publisher, enters with a tape or two for Sherrill to hear, so all retreat up the stairs to Billy's office. Richard Leigh and Freddy Weller have given up for the night, and Leigh has gone home to try and work out his song's problem in solitude. Three of Montgomery's writers sit in Sherrill's anteroom, maybe hoping to pitch a song themselves. The door to Sherrill's office closes behind him and Montgomery, and the sound of a song drifts out. One of hundreds Sherrill has heard this week, every week, hundreds of mini-plays, each close to some songwriter's heart. A lot of work, listening to all those mini-plays, but then, Sherrill says, "The Play's The Thing."

'Asleep' Wakes Up Country To

By JOHN MOULDER

AUSTIN, Texas—A few days before leaving on a recent European tour during which their music was piped into Moscow via Radio Free Europe, Asleep At The Wheel became the first country band to ever play Anton's in Austin.

It was a minor

breakthrough, but it meant as much to Asleep as the trip to Europe. Clifford Anton had often proclaimed that only Chicago blues would ever be played on his stage, but when he relented and booked Asleep to sellout crowds, Anton told Asleep's manager Laura

DuPoy, "We all must change sometime."

Asleep At The Wheel is not the first band to revive the half-century-old music known as western swing. Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen revived the old Bob Wills music several years ago and Merle Haggard

recorded a tribute album and several swing songs.

But Asleep is the first band to give western swing renewed national popularity with songs like "Route 66," "Bump Bounce Boogie" and "The Letter That Johnnie Walker Read."

Like Anton, the coun-

try's tastes were changing to fast dance music with a heavy rhythm section, the music that preceded—and may succeed—rock and roll.

The guiding force behind Asleep At The Wheel is Ray Benson, a rough-hewn blonde giant who stands close to 7 feet tall. He wears jeans, snap-pocket shirts and toe-tapping cowboy boots.

Recently Benson was banged up when his motorcycle collided with an auto at a south Austin intersection. But the next night, limping with a cane, Benson hobbled on stage at Austin's Municipal Auditorium for Texas' First Renaissance Western Swing Festival.

Asleep had come a long way since it left the high clime of San Francisco and migrated to Austin three years ago. Now it's headlining with swing giants like Hank Thompson and the Brazos Valley Boys and Bob Wills' Original Texas Playboys.

Benson is unrestrained in his reverence for the late Bob Wills.

"He didn't let a lot of boundaries bother him," Benson said. "He just played what he was going to play and most of it was dance music."

"There wouldn't be any rock and roll bands if Bob Wills hadn't come along. There wouldn't have been any country-western bands without Bob Wills. Buddy Holly, Waylon Jennings and Roy Orbison were all west Texas kids who grew up listening to Bob Wills and because of him went out to do rock and roll."

Benson says he is not trying to be another Bob Wills.

"But if we do a Bob Wills tune, I'm going to do it like Bob did it with our overtones. But I'd love to be able to do the music I like, and that the band likes. And to do that you've got to have a lot of different instruments, a lot of versatile players and that's what we've got."

Benson, lead guitarist and vocalist, is one of three musicians who formed Asleep At The Wheel in the beginning. The others are Leroy Preston, rhythm guitarist, vocalist and main songwriter, and Lucky Oceans, a pedal steel guitarist born with



The late Bob Wills, right, fashioned western swing from the jazz, blues and country music that filled the Texas airwaves during the 1930s and '40s. His musical descendants, Asleep At The Wheel, above, are faithful to the originals when doing Wills tunes while writing and arranging their own contemporary brand of western swing.



Western Swing



Bob Wills might have said you don't have to have a female to sing western swing—but it couldn't hurt. Fans of Asleep couldn't agree more, and regularly call out for one of the tunes featuring pert Chris O'Connell, above, on vocals. The leader of the 10-piece band is a gentle giant of a man, Ray Benson, left, who gives Asleep its vintage flavor with his amiable clowning and Wills-like introductions. There's no clowning when it comes to his picking, however.

the name Reuben Gosfield.

The three went to a farm near Paw Paw to work in the hills of West Virginia where they worked the land by day and rehearsed by night until they got their sound together. Pretty Chris O'Connell, out of high school three months, quit her job as a secretary to go look for the band in the hills. When she found them, she auditioned on the spot and became rhythm guitarist and vocalist.

Lucky Oceans is credited with naming the band. He claims he thought it up while sitting in the outhouse at the farm in West Virginia. Danny Levin, a young piano player from New York,

joined the emerging band and it moved to the San Francisco Bay area. Asleep did some gigs with Commander Cody and toured for a month without pay with Stoney Edwards, Connie Smith, Dickey Lee and Freddie Hart.

"It was real neat," says Chris O'Connell, "except for the fact that we were starving. There are 1,500 bands in the Bay area and Cody helped us out as much as they could, which was a hell of a lot, and we were still starving and we weren't even making a slight living. So we went with Stoney Edwards and made a worse living, except that we ate."

Flamboyant keyboard player Floyd Domino

joined the group in 1972. His background in jazz helped steer Asleep further into swing. The group also added Tony Garnier on electric and upright bass, Scott Hennige on percussion, Bill Mabry on fiddle and Link Davis Jr. on saxophone.

The band moved to Austin in 1974, receiving a warm welcome into an emerging new country music colony. A year later, their "Texas Gold" album entrenched Asleep in the national picture.

Benson, 26, grew up in Pennsylvania, where he and his sister formed a group and played the square dances. In 1970 Benson, Preston and Lucky Oceans decided to

enter the swing field. Benson says he likes the smorgasbord styles that blend together in western swing—dixieland, waltz, swing, rock, blues.

"Our music is folk music," he says, "so is a lot of jazz. As soon as it becomes not contemporary, it's folk music."

The ages in the group range from young men in their 20s to Bill Mabry, a 46-year-old fiddler from Oklahoma, who has been playing with country bands since before Benson was born.

"When swing was going in its heyday I was too young," says Mabry. "I can only listen to those guys. When I came up it was gone and I had to wait

until the younger guys came in." He says some of the younger members of Asleep are the finest technical musicians he has known.

Benson fronts the band, a vocalist, guitarist, arranger, planner and host, but nobody hogs the spotlight with Asleep. Preston and O'Connell sing on some numbers, while nonsinging musicians do medleys.

Leon "Pappy" Selph, the famous fiddler who used to work with Bob Wills, Moon Mullican and Pappy Lee O'Daniel and the Light Crust Doughboys, said recently, "Asleep At The Wheel is the best western swing band in the country."

No Matter Which Way He Drifts, To His Loyal Fans He's Still The

SILVER FOX

By MIKE KOSSER

CORDOVA, Tenn.—Journalists can be very dramatic. They have to be to get people to read the stories they turn out every day.

So a guy like Charlie Rich confuses them, because he doesn't necessarily tell them the story they like to hear.

What they want to hear is something like:

"I played on the road for

20 years and got all strung out because all those damn producers kept producing crap on me, and finally just as I was at the end of my rope (say one day before giving up the music business to become a Buddhist monk) I went into the studio and the producer finally let me do what I want and I got a million seller."

That's what they want to hear, and some of them want to hear it so bad that

no matter what Rich tells them that's the way it comes out on paper.

In fact, Charlie Rich doesn't seem to have a lot of terrible things to say about the many musical associations he had that DIDN'T make him "Silver Fox," idol of millions.

In 1971, after a decade and a half of sporadically successful recording, he cut a Kenny O'Dell song called "I Take It On Home." A Top 20 record, it

primed the pump for O'Dell's "Behind Closed Doors," and the other monster hits that followed. This success put an end to his long years of obscurity, while so many of his fellow artists from the old days at Sun Records (Elvis, Johnny Cash, etc.) were becoming legends. But Charlie Rich refuses to look back on the "b.o." (before O'dell) days as being particularly horrible.

"If you're in love with music," he explains, "and that's all you want to do, it's exciting to record and play, so just being able to make a living in the music business is enough to keep you going." You just keep on keeping on and enjoy it."

His eyes search out a distant point. "I don't see how anybody could stick with it if they don't love it."

When Rich was a kid, he was heavily into tenor saxophone as well as piano, and his musical orientation has always been toward jazz. But he never had a strong desire to starve to death the way many jazz musicians do. So when Margaret Ann, his wife, pushed him into recording, he found he could live with the country-flavored rhythm-and-blues we now call rockabilly.

In fact, he became quite proficient at writing, and started getting songs recorded by people like Ray Price and Jerry Lee Lewis, in addition to his own "Lonely Weekend," his third release on Sun which became the standard many honky-tonk bands use along with their Chuck Berry repertoire.

"The best thing to happen to me," he insists, "was not having a hit after 'Lonely Weekends.' It helped me to become a better singer, performer, player. I had just recently changed from a jazz piano player to rock and roll."

And, he maintains, it would have been easy to fall into the mold and stop growing, if he'd had a lot of success at that point.

Don't get the idea that

Rich was starving then. He was working hard but steadily, and if record companies don't always pay what they owe, performance rights organizations do, and his songs brought in some pretty good royalty checks to help see him through the rough spots.

But there was anonymity and insecurity, of course. And entertainers do like for the home folks to know they are doing better on the stage than they were on the farm. "There is more satisfaction to finally getting the recognition and having more of a following than the cult following I had," he confesses. "But I'll always love and respect the ones who liked me when times were bad."

Along with Rich you get Margaret Ann, who is as gregarious and outgoing as Rich is introverted. A marvelous songwriter (she wrote "Life's Little Ups and Downs," which has been recorded by a slew of big-name recording artists) she seems to act as warmup for Rich at interviews, and you get the feeling she's responsible for many of the decisions that have been made in the course of Rich's career. As outgoing as she is, you have to wonder if she's ever shaken off the ego drive that initially pushed her into music.

"Sure, I'd like to receive some recognition in my own right," she says. "Everybody who tries to write and perform would. I started out as a singer and I have wondered if I could have done it, but it IS a lot easier to push someone else than push yourself."

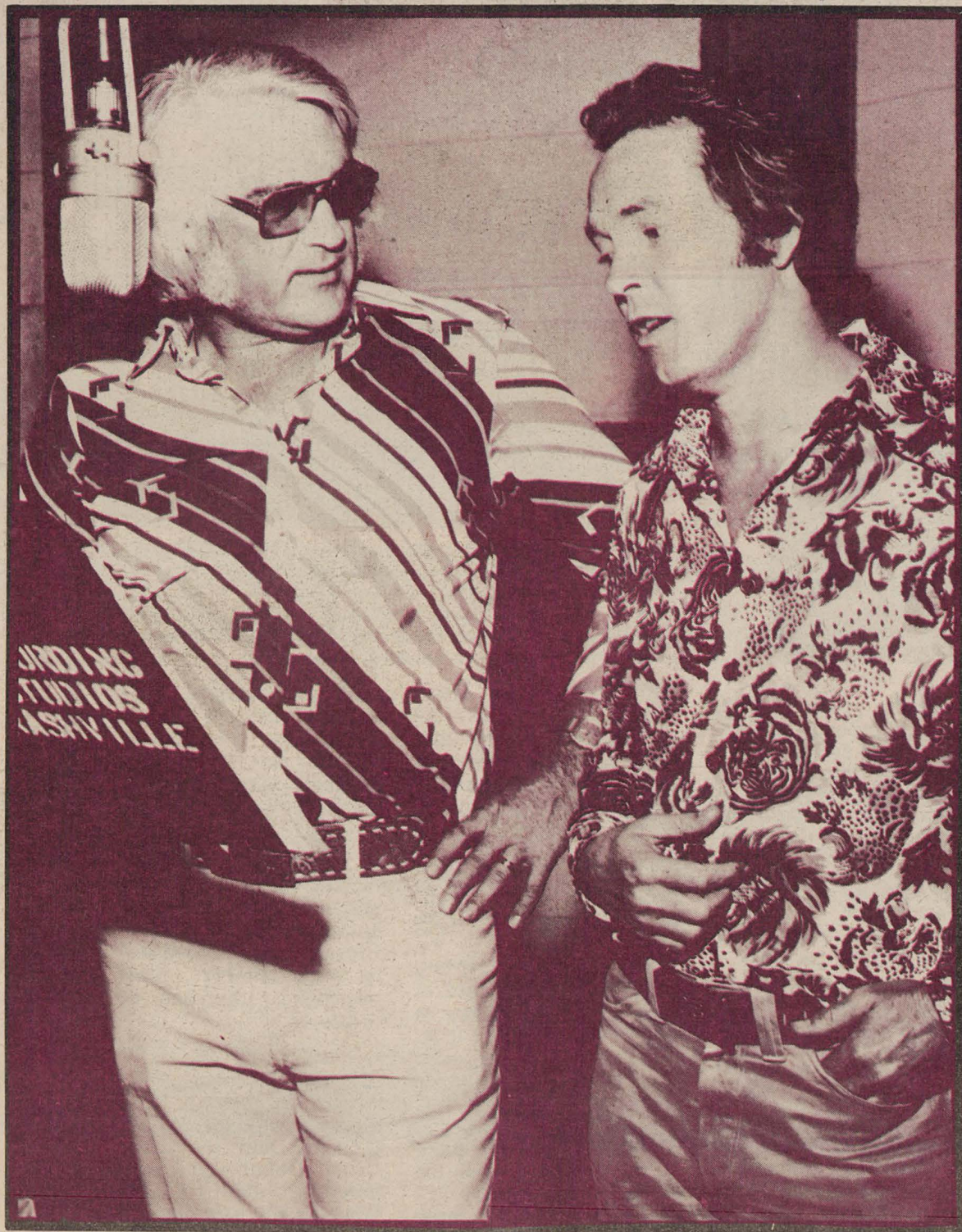
"I do think I would have liked the chance, though."

Rich and his wife work well as a team. Margaret Ann is in a position to describe Charlie in a way that would not be credible coming out of the mouth of a press agent. "I think Charlie's appeal is in honesty and integrity. He never does anything half way," she says.

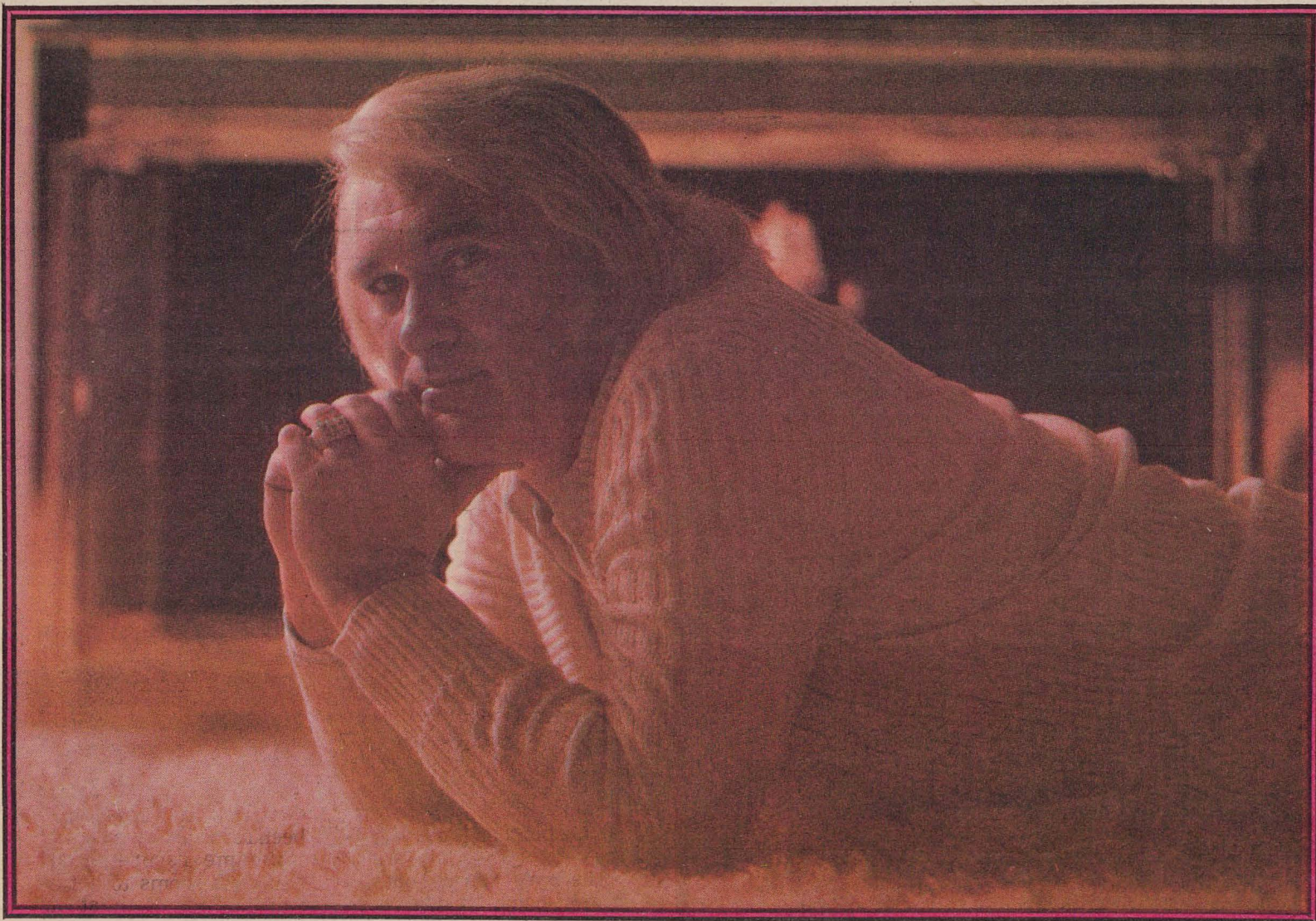
Charlie interrupts, "That sounds real nice," but he's probably heard it all before.

She continues, "There's an intimacy in Charlie's voice that comes from his piano bar days."

"It's not something you can talk about," he responds. "It's just something you do."



Charlie Rich in the studio with the man with the Midas touch, producer Billy Sherrill. "I'll always respect and love the ones who loved me when times were bad," Charlie says.



Charlie Rich relaxes in his Memphis home, left. Below, in a classic pose, the Silver Fox looks like his nickname suggests.

Like a lot of musicians off the farm, Rich doesn't feel comfortable talking about "his art." It feels pretentious to him, so Margaret Ann, as the world's top Charlie Rich expert, fills in the gaps.

"Behind Closed Doors" is obviously the great watershed of Rich's career and you have to wonder just how Rich's feelings about himself changed in the short year between semi-anonymity and fame and fortune.

"Mainly, I got so busy," he says, "that I didn't even know what was happening. Somewhere around 'I Take It On Home' and 'Behind Closed Doors' I went on a 40-city tour. When you get a scene like we had going at that time, the artist is so busy moving and traveling and trying to get an occasional night with his wife and family that he doesn't realize what is going on.

"I didn't KNOW 'Most Beautiful Girl' was a No. 1 record. Later on you realize what has happened and it doesn't seem real and you say, 'Hey, did all that take place?'"

"And you have to get used to the fact that you

can't eat with the band in the restaurant. You have to eat in your room if you want privacy. And you take every spare moment to relax with your family."

But the worst, or best, of that is behind him. At least temporarily.

At this point in his career, some of his records make Top 10, some of them just miss.

With RCA releasing old Charlie Rich recordings in addition to Epic's output, it's hard to get all the radio stations to play the same Charlie Rich record. If he or his producer Billy Sherrill (whom he ardently admires) can find him another dynamite song, which is not easy to do, then Charlie can shoot right back to the top. If they can't, his career could level off or even begin the long, slow decline that comes to almost every successful entertainer who doesn't quit or die first.

But Charlie Rich has been here and there too long to get squirrely over the uncertainties.

"We'd like to see things continue to go well, but we'll enjoy it any way it goes and we can take the

ups and downs.

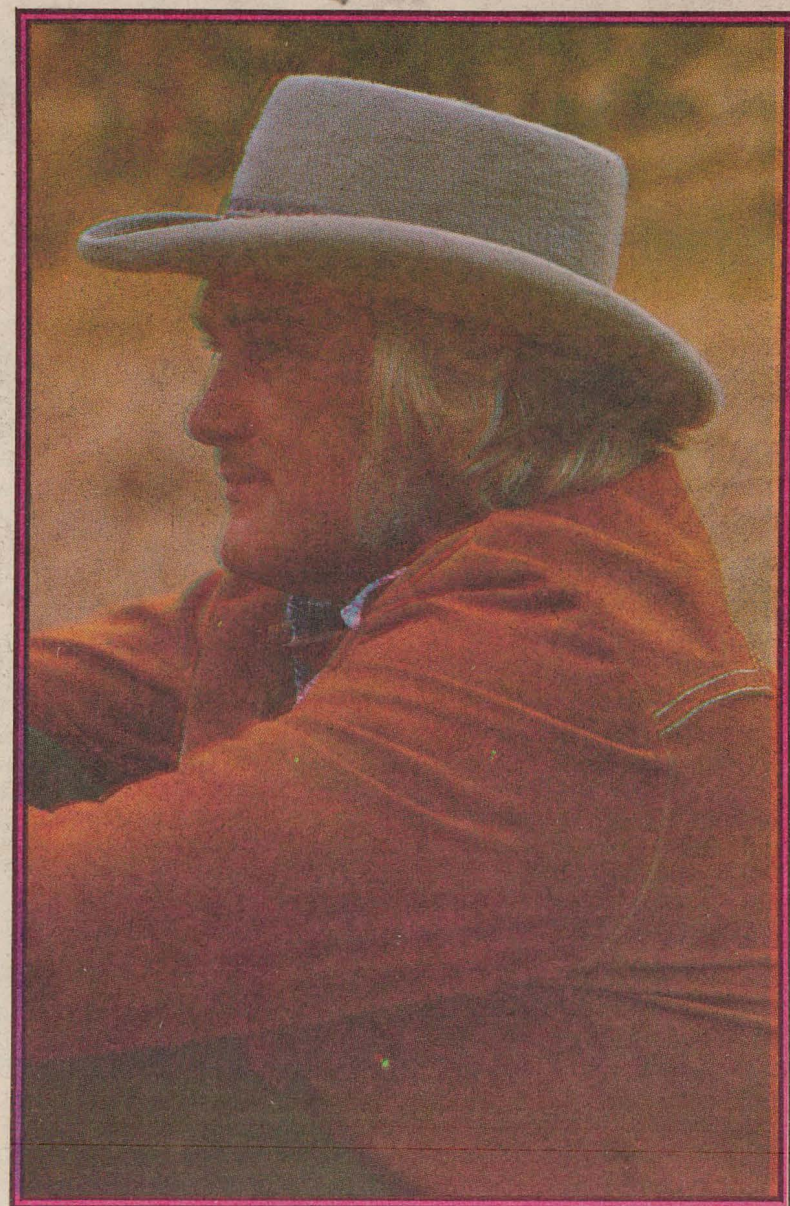
"I think it's good that entertainers don't STAY on top. I don't envy the ones who stay on top for 12 or 15 years. I feel a lot more freedom since I haven't been doing any television interviews. It feels nice to walk somewhere and not have EVERYBODY know who you are. Some of them now even think I'm some wrestler."

And Rich finally has some financial security, a major asset in a business that is long on high living and short on pension plans.

"Any man over 40 with a family starts to consider security," he says. "If it's handled right, my financial situation will be quite a relief. It wouldn't have made that much difference to me when I was 25 or 30."

Charles Allen Rich's outlook has changed just a touch over the years. He still loves being the man behind the piano, but not necessarily forever.

"I sure would hate to be playing the Highway 65 club at the age of 60," he says. "It looks like the last five years may have taken care of that problem."



Homebrew

Summer has been known to bring on a thirst and homebrew beer, the mountain elixir, has been known to quench it. We dare say no one likes the old homebrew quite as much as Tim Matson, who along with Lee Anne gave us permission to excerpt the following from his brewmaster's handbook, "Mountain Brew: A High-Spirited Guide to Country Style Beer Making," available through Miller Pond Books, RFD, Thetford Center, Vermont, 05075, for \$2.25 plus 50 cents handling. Cheers!

Beer.

Nope, not store-bought swill, but homebrew.

Homebrew is alive, like yogurt but without the strawberries. It's full of vitamins and minerals and a whole lot of carbohydrates too!

It's economical: you can bring in a good brew for a quarter a quart, or less if you make your own ingredients by growing hops, keeping a strain of yeast or using homemade maple syrup.

Fact is, homebrew is just too darn good to miss. Face it, just about all American beer and ale is bland and overcarbonated, not to mention expensive.

Homebrew flat isn't.

It's easy to make beer and you almost can't go wrong. But there are a couple things you have to be pretty diligent about, like cleanliness and watching the pot so it doesn't boil over (contrary to the old adage, they do, and it's a real mess).

First you need tools: a four-gallon pot, a can opener, a big wooden spoon, two clean 15 or 20 gallon barrels or plastic garbage cans, a funnel, a siphon tube, a pitcher, a box of caps and a capper. You should find what you need at the neighborhood grocery.

Oh yes, and while you're there don't forget a little beer yeast and some lovely Lena, the lady with the next-door face who graces the Blue Ribbon Malt cans. Either Light or Pale Dry will do. And don't forget the matches if you plan on using an outdoor stove.

Ready?

OK, mix the two cans of malt with a gallon of water in the four gallon pot on the stove. Add eight pounds of sugar, stir and don't go anywhere. Oh, don't forget to fish out the malt cans.

The concoction before you is called wort.

Sugar is the cheapest sweetener, but molasses

has a richer flavor. Throw in a couple cups of raisins if you like. Once you've got the hang of it, you can throw most anything in (use your discretion, of course!). Wild mint leaves a pleasant flavor behind. Some old timers suggest a steak bone and even chicken heads. You never can tell.

Once the wort starts to boil, stir and simmer for an hour. Make sure someone is watching the pot while you measure out nine gallons of water (for a 10 gallon batch—you've already put in a gallon with the malt) and put it in one of the large barrels.

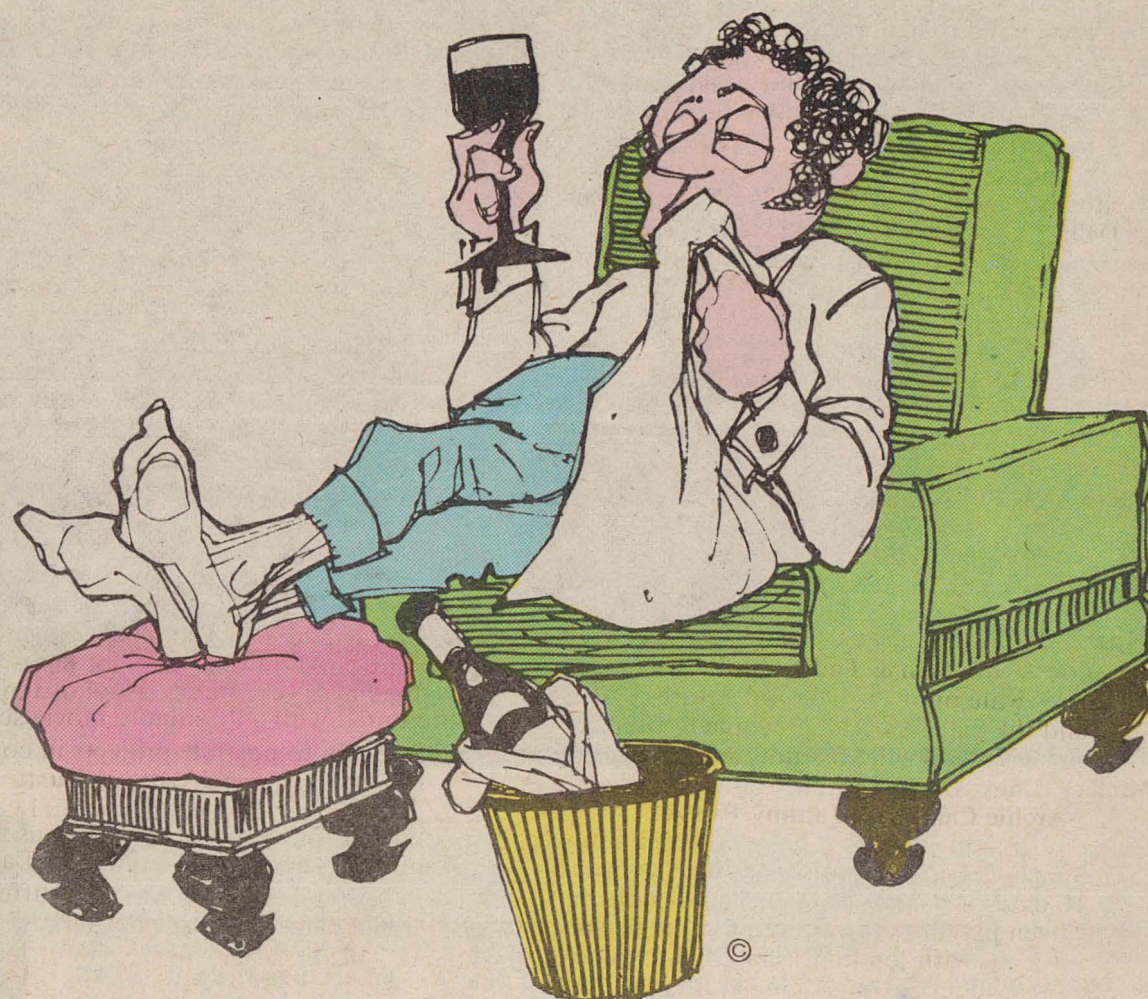
Now pour the wort into the nine gallons of water.

Next, mix two packages of beer yeast with a cup of lukewarm water and a tablespoon of sugar and let set for 30 minutes. Don't pitch the yeast into a hot brew; make sure the mixture in the barrel is between 50 and 70 degrees. Then add the yeast, squeeze in half a lemon and add a teaspoon of salt. Stir the mixture and cover.

By the next day you should see the foam and bubbles on top, signs of fermentation. Check the brew every few days with a hydrometer; it shouldn't take longer than two weeks for the fermentation process to run its course.

Hydrometers cost around \$5, are made out of glass and have numbers and lines on them. When the hydrometer reads between the right lines, the message is clear: bottle the beer.

When bottling time comes, lift the barrel up onto a table, but BE GENTLE, as the stuff on the bottom needs to stay on the bottom. Put in the siphon tube and start siphoning from the top into the second barrel. You'll need about 4 feet of hose and something to weight the top end into the upper barrel, like a clothespin or



rock. Leave the last three or four inches of dregs in the bottom; you don't want that in your beer. You can stir up the dregs and bottle two quarts; keep them in a dark, cool place and you won't have to buy yeast for your next batch. Don't reuse your yeast more than a couple times, however.

What you have in the barrel is ready to be bottled—almost. All it needs is a little zip, because all the fizz has turned to alcohol. The books say add two ounces of sugar per gallon of beer. There's about eight gallons in the barrel now, if you subtract the two quarts of yeast, the two quarts of draft you pilfered for the rest of the afternoon and what you threw out. At eight gallons, that would be 16 ounces of sugar or two cups.

Now an interesting thing happens if you bottle a

brew with too much sugar in it: it explodes.

So you might want to add one and a half cups of sugar and see. Mix the sugar with four cups of water and heat on the stove until it's dissolved. Stir it into the beer to be bottled.

Remember the four-gallon pot? Fill it this time with clean, empty beer bottles (twistoff style is OK, though the kind that require a church key usually are thicker and less likely to explode). Fill the bottles with a funnel, cap within five to 10 minutes of filling and leave the product alone in a cellar or closet for two weeks.

That's it. Simple, right? When you've mastered the basics, you might want to try these tempting recipes.

FLOOD OF '76 LAGER

2 cans Blue Ribbon malt, preferably Light
8 lbs. sugar

1½ cups honey (optional)
2 cups raisins (optional)
2 packages yeast or home bottled yeast
(use bread yeast in an emergency)
1 teaspoon salt
½ lemon squeezed
10 gallons water

MARTHA'S RECIPE

6 lbs. malt and 5 lbs. sugar (dark) or
3 lbs. malt and 10 lbs. sugar (light) ●
2-3 ozs. hops or other bitter herb
2-3 T. salt (brings out flavor)
Package yeast
Optional—1 or 2 oranges or lemons including juice and grated rind; ¼ cup ginger (fresh grated is best); water strained from boiling grains or roots.

4-5 gallons water

●or to be outrageous, 6 lbs. malt, 10 lbs. sugar and two packages yeast.

Country Folk

'Jesse,' The New 'Nashville'?

The movie "Jesse" starring **Johnny Rodriguez** may just make everyone forget there ever was a "Nashville." Besides Rodriguez, **George Jones** and **Tom T. Hall** have signed and been casted for the feature film. **Willie Nelson** and the **Marshall Tucker Band** have agreed to film roles but have not yet signed. As for a female lead, sources say folk singer **Melanie** is anxious to star and sing in the film, but **Barbara Mandrell** was seen meeting with the film producers, and a decision has yet to be made. The film will be shot either in central California or in Texas around Dallas and Austin this month. **Ken Mansfield**, who produced **Waylon Jennings**, **Tompall Glaser** and **Jessi Colter**, will handle the soundtrack and says he can't believe the excitement generated so far. In the movie Rodriguez plays a singer from the barrio who falls in love with a top country female singer who works for a Mafia-like organization. The plot takes strange twists—the Mafia kills its songstress, Rodriguez goes back to the ghetto heart broken and then ends up singing for the crooks....

Whispering Bill Anderson may co-host a daytime game show on ABC-TV. Bill has always been a hit with the ladies and, according to reports from Los Angeles he also had impressed the show's **Goodson & Todman** producers when he filmed the pilot.... "The Adventures of J.D. and the Salt Flat Kid," a comedy film now showing in Nashville, features appearances by **Mickey Gilley**, **Barbi Benton**, **Johnny Paycheck**, **Archie Campbell**, **Johnny Russell** and the **Hart Family**.

Marshall Tucker Band was forced to cancel 10 dates because drummer **Paul Riddle** had been playing so spiritedly that he became inflicted with tendonitis and had to lay off the skins for three weeks.... After three years of producing other artists and getting his band together, **Tompall Glaser** has hit the road and plans to stay there. He says he'd like to do 300 dates this year.

Flying Fish Records out of Chicago has re-released **John Hartford's** "Gentle On my Mind" in the wake of his recent Grammy Award.... **Jerry Jeff Walker** continues in his apparent goal to tour every jail built in the United States. This time "Jacky Jack" was on

stage in Chattanooga, Tenn., stumbling and mumbling, when the city's finest gave him the hook and the book on a charge of public drunkenness.

Hank Williams Jr., 27, has been divorced by his wife of six years, **Gwendolyn Yeargin Williams**, 29, a former Dallas model. She cited cruel and inhuman treatment as grounds for the split and was awarded alimony over the next ten years totalling \$36,000 plus \$850 a month until 1990 or until she remarries, and their Nashville home.

Being the sister of **Dolly Parton** is not always easy for **Stella Parton**. She says, "Most of the time I have to prove that it is not always 'What's up front that counts.'"

The **Oak Ridge Boys** have just switched labels to ABC/Dot and are huddling with pop artist **Paul Simon** on a new album.... **Hank Thompson** was cited by the state legislature and the governor of Texas for "his outstanding contribution to music and especially the state of Texas." Hank was born there but now lives in Oklahoma.

United Artists has high hopes that **Kenny Rogers** will be a top pop/country artist like his close friend **Glen Campbell**. Rogers recently appeared on the "Tonight Show" twice in ten days—very rare.... **Waylon Jennings** was presented with a 90-minute movie script from CBS to add to possible projects in conjunction with the **Robert Redford/Dustin Hoffman** team. Ol' Waylon also has traded in his pumpkin Cadillac for a more inconspicuous black one. **Tammy Wynette** was in and out of a Nashville hospital recently. She was suffering from abdominal pains.... **Vito Pellettieri**, 87, the stage manager of the Grand Ole Opry for many years, died April 14 from a stroke.... The country music industry is also saddened at the death of **Eddie Miller**, 57, who died just three days before Mr. Vito. Miller co-authored "Release Me" and helped found the Nashville Songwriters Association.

George Jones echoes **Tammy Wynette's** remarks about their marriage in a recent **CountryStyle**: "It's a hell of a lot better now than when we were married. The storm is over, and we're best of friends. I think that the biggest problem was that we saw each other 24 hours a day for seven years. You just can't live together, eat together and sleep together when you're also working together."

Hot wheels fanatic **Marty Robbins** has a dream: "My one goal is to breeze past **Richard Petty** (the famous racer) sometime," Robbins relates. "I almost did once in Talladega. I got up right alongside but my timing chain snapped. Oh, I passed Petty on the street in Durham, N. C., but that's not the same thing." **Freddie Hart's** new single, "Thank God She's Mine," has scored success on both country and pop radio stations.

Our own **Mike Kosser** wrote the song with **Curly Putnam** and **Sonny Throckmorton**.... **Jerry Lee Lewis** is back in court, but nothing too serious. An investment firm claims he owes them \$86,000 for an airplane he purchased back in 1971. Lewis is countering with a defense revolving around the plane's malfunctioning.... Singer **Carl Smith** has sold 57 acres of his ranch for \$145,000. The land will be developed into a subdivision.



JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ ... making a movie



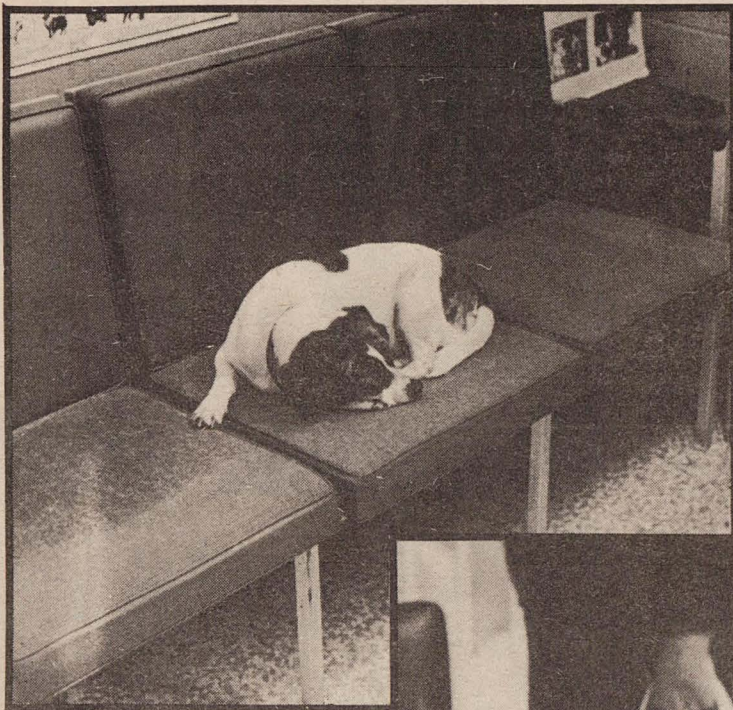
TAMMY WYNETTE ... feeling better

Kitty Wells, the usually low-profiled "Queen" of country music, is suing her record company. She recently slapped a \$1 million suit on Capricorn Records, but company president **Phil Walden** says he's "not terribly upset."

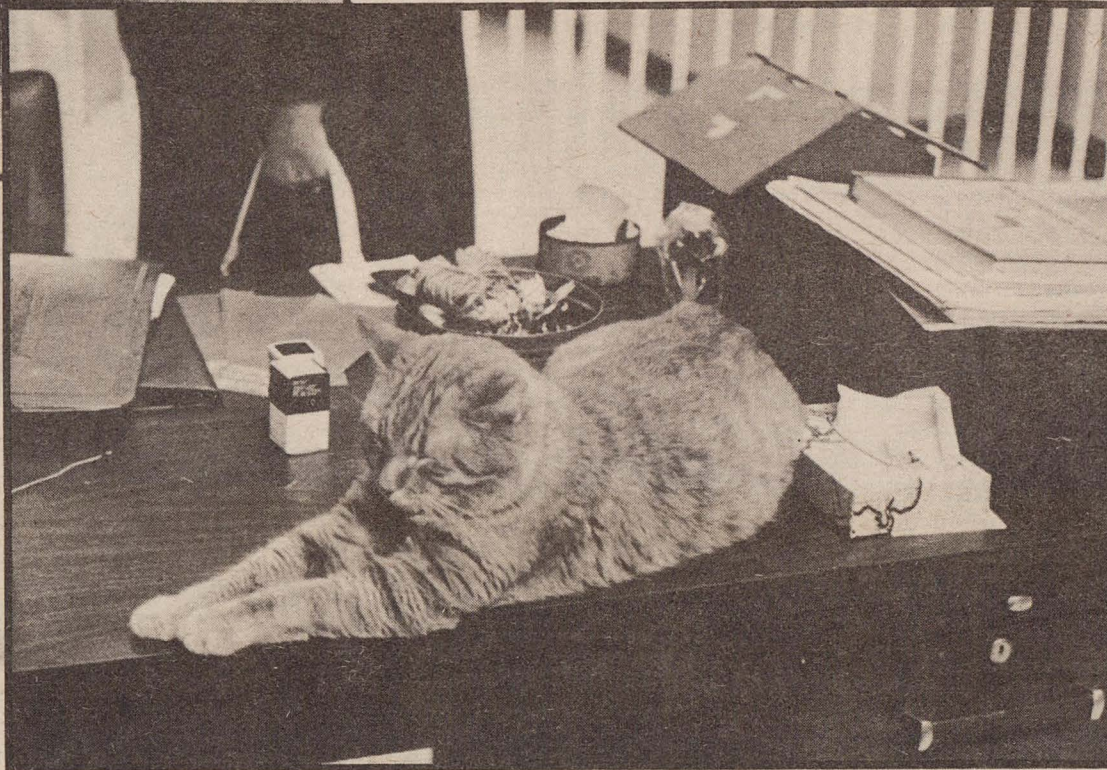
Kitty's side: "Right after I was elected to the Hall of Fame, we went to Macon (Capricorn's Georgia base) and recorded an entire album of my best-selling songs. Those kinds of albums always sell. But so far the company hasn't released it." Walden counters that his company "re-recorded" her songs for a test market album that was not released nationwide due to "poor response in the test markets."



STELLA PARTON ... It's not what's up front that counts



This is a dog's life? One such canine felt right at home at the Nashville Humane Association's animal shelter, and caught a few winks on a sofa—while his "enemy"... the cat... slept on top of a desk. Tom T. and Dixie Hall help the shelter with its expansion work. They gave \$20,000 last year, and plan another party for 1977.



Tom T. Hall Puts On

Tom T. Hall loves little baby ducks, old pickup trucks, slow-moving trains and rain.

That's according to the successful song he wrote and recorded in 1973.

But according to his life, he should have included 38 basset hounds... the animals he loves the most.

Tom T. is "high" on the things he loves, and again

this year he will toss a posh party at magnificent Fox Hollow to benefit that "doggie in the window."

It will all be for the sake of the Nashville Humane Association's animal shelter in Nashville, so one could readily say that Tom T.'s party goes to the dogs.

Last year, more than 400 Nashville society and Music Row VIPs forked

over \$50 a person for the plantation party.

And it gave the humane association more than \$20,000 for an addition to its Harding Place facilities in Music City.

This year, the big event is scheduled for Wednesday night, July 27, with a guest list approaching 500. It's his way of saying "thank you" to the dogs he loves.

It's reasonable to assume the 38 basset hounds will be pleased with the meat left over from the cookout, and that their "whimpering" from the kennels will blend well with the music Hall plans to import for the occasion.

When Tom T. puts on the dog, he does it in "high style," usually with Old South costumes and mint juleps.

"It's going to be the biggest and best party since Lincoln's inauguration," said Tom T. Invitations probably won't be mailed for a while.

"Life is a picnic," Tom T. once said, "with a guarantee of rain."

But few raindrops have fallen on the superstar of singers and writers since the sunshine of life beamed on him several years ago with "Old Dogs, Children and Watermelon Wine," "Ravishing Ruby," and "The Year That Clayton Delaney Died." Each year, new hits have been added to the list.

Now he finds time for his frolicking colts, his grazing Aberdeen Angus cattle, his vegetable garden—and his kennel of bassets, just across the courtyard from the big Southern plantation home. (But still, he writes and performs.)

This love of the canine population got wife Dixie involved in humane association work, and this year she and Minnie Pearl (Mrs. Henry Cannon) are vice presidents of the newly organized auxiliary.

"Next time I go out to the kennels I'm going to count those bassets," Tom T. said with a grin. "But for now, just write down 38 or 40. That's close enough."

When Tom T. and Dixie married nine years ago, Dixie D. "adopted" Tom's basset, Lonesome George, named for entertainer George Gobel.

BOBBY BRADDOCK One Of Nashville's Hottest Writers

By MIKE KOSSER

*Oh we're not the jet set
We're the old Chevrolet Set
Our steak and martini
is draft beer with wienies
Our Bach and Tchaikovsky
Are Haggard and Huskey
Oh we're not the jet set
we're the old Chevrolet set
But ain't we got love*

When you write an article about songwriters, you usually give off a laundry list of their big hits, or a roll call of the famous singers who have recorded their songs. But when the writer is Bobby Braddock, you let the songs themselves speak for him.

"Jet Set," a Top 10 record by George Jones and Tammy Wynette a couple of years ago, is not your average modern I-love-you country song. But then Bobby Braddock might be Nashville's freshest, most consistently original songwriter, if not its best.

Bobby was born in Polk County, Fla., son of a 57-year-old orange grower and onetime mayor of Auburn-dale. He's a child of the South and he never forgets it:

*Momma never had a flower
garden
Cotton grew right up to our
front door
Daddy never went on a
vacation
He died a tired old man
of 44*

*Our neighbors in the big
house called us rednecks
Cause we lived in a poor
sharecropper's shack
The Jacksons down the road
were poor like we were
But our skin was white
and their was black*

"I guess I've seen 'Gone with the Wind' a half dozen times," he says. And that movie probably had a heavy influence on "I Believe the

South is Gonna Rise Again," which has been cut by Bobby Goldsboro and Tanya Tucker without having really been a smash. "I guess I'm still disappointed because I really believe in that song," he mutters. Well, it's '77, Carter is in, and maybe that song's time has finally come.

*I believe the South is gonna
rise again
But not the way they thought
it would back then
I mean everybody hand in
hand
I believe the South is gonna
rise again*

Not that you need feel sorry for Braddock. The past year he's been one of Nashville's hottest writers. "Golden Ring" (co-written with Rafe Van Hoy) was a No. 1 country record, and could be a classic. "Thinking of a Rendezvous" (co-written with Sonny Throckmorton) was No. 1 for Johnny Duncan,

"Her Name is..." was a Top 3 record by George Jones and "Peanuts and Diamonds" was a big record for Bill Anderson. Not bad for a road-battered piano player who left the road to be a full-time songwriter on the orders of a ouija board.

"I had been touring with Marty Robbins for a year and a half since I had come to Nashville," he recalls, "and Marty had cut a couple of my songs. Then one day a ouija board told me to go to Tree Publishing Co. I called up Buddy Killen, went to see him and play him some songs and pretty quickly they were getting songs cut for me."

*But now I'm as ruthless as
can be
Ruthless, since Ruth walked
out on me
I used to think that someday,
old Ruth would be my wife,
but it looks like I'll be
ruthless all my life*

It seemed that everybody was recording Bobby Braddock novelty songs. The Statler Brothers recorded "Ruthless" and "You Can't Have Your Kate and Edith

(Continued On Page 45)

The Dog For Animal Shelter

'We're in this for the love of it. I hope our parties prove it. We want to raise a ton of money this year for our pet project.'

Dixie laughed.

"I firmly believe he married me so that he would have someone to take care of his old dog," she said.

Whatever the reason, they both love their dogs—and the kennels show it, having multiplied through the years.

There's another thing they don't keep count of—trophies, plaques and ribbons.

"I'm certain we've won more than a thousand," she estimated.

Dixie shows the animals while Tom T. leads the cheering section.

None of the bassets are for sale. They have the finest home in the world in the rolling farm land of middle Tennessee where their owners never give a second thought about the cost of the food bill.

"We're in this for the love of it," Tom T. said. "I hope our parties prove it. We want to raise a ton of money this year for our pet project."

And when the long black limousines cruise back and forth from the plantation gate—carrying guests up to the two-story, columned 18th Century house—there should be doubt in no one's mind.

They open their home—and their pocketbooks—to prove that "someone cares" about animals.

Last year, the meal consisted of Texas-style barbecued beef, smoked turkey, smoked Canadian salmon, tomatoes, cucumbers, squash, green onions, pickles, beets, mushrooms, fresh fruit Kirsch, poppyseed slaw, baked beans in red wine, corn on the cob, Louis Armstrong's white beans, green beans-India, and gumbo and rice with cheese and pecan pies.

"Oh, that reminds me," Tom T. said, "excuse me. I've got to go work in the garden."

"I want to be certain we have enough fresh vegetables for 500 people."

What a way to prove your love for dogs!



Happiness for 5-year-old Ricky Brown is a new puppy from the Nashville Humane Association's animal shelter. Tom T. Hall and his wife, Dixie, raised \$20,000 last year for expanded facilities at the Nashville shelter. This year they plan another party at their plantation, with funds earmarked for the association's projects.

Gatlin Keeps His Feet Firmly On The Ground

By JOHN MOULDER

AUSTIN, Texas—"Got one for you," Larry Gatlin yelled over at Delbert McClinton. "A wealthy man never overestimates the taste of the American people."

"That makes about 40 so far today," grunted McClinton, pulling a scrap of paper from his pocket and writing it down, using his guitar as a prop. Delbert's always watching out for sayings and phrases. He might come up with another "Victim of Life's Circumstances."

It was one of those dressing room rap sessions at the Public Broadcasting System's KLRN studios on the University of Texas campus in Austin. A half-dozen recording artists were performing live to raise funds for public TV.

Steve Fromholz was getting his beard powdered and allowing how he was going through his "annual spring lunacy" and couldn't answer any questions sensibly.

He explained his newest album, "Frolicking in the Myth," would be released soon. He's also sweating the release of the Warner Brothers movie "Outlaw Blues," in which he co-stars with Peter Fonda.

Darrell Royal, until recently the University of Texas football coach, showed up with Texas State Sen. Peyton McKnight to visit with his old picker friends, including Alex Harvey who would show up a little later.

Royal is still a little red-faced after showing up in the credits on a new Alex Harvey album as the co-author with Harvey of a song called "Lonesome Cup of Coffee."

Royal, a longtime friend of country music personalities and host of countless after-hours picking sessions at his Austin home, told CountryStyle:

"I didn't help write that song. All I did was suggest that a word be changed from morning to night—and Alex said that constituted co-authoring a song."

Brushing aside the subject, Royal proceeded to give Gatlin a lesson in golf. Gatlin swung with an invisible club; Royal disapproved and pushed a chair to a rest a few inches behind Gatlin.

"Now swing without touching the chair with your hip," Royal commanded.

Gatlin did as Royal suggested and said, "I think I'll take this chair on the golf course with me."

"If my belly was as flat as yours I wouldn't need a chair," said Royal. "I could have them back the golf cart up behind me," said Gatlin.

"Willie (Nelson) uses a midget,"

said Royal. "You could try to borrow Willie's midget—but, no, I don't think Willie would part with his midget."

Gatlin was at peace with the world that night, the happiest young man in country music. His slow-starting career had reached a new high a few days before when his song "Broken Lady" won a Grammy as the best country song of the year.

"I loved it," Gatlin said, beaming. "I'm thrilled and excited about it."

He said he argued with the awards sponsors after winning the Grammy. "They wanted to take it and have it engraved and mail it to me. I told them, 'No, just scratch my name on it with a bobby pin.' They insisted. I told them, 'Look, now, I'm serious. I want it now.'"

Gatlin had left his band in Boston while he made the solo benefit appearance on the PBS station in Austin. Then he was to play in New York for four days before going to Florida for a week, then to London . . .

Gatlin has come a long way from his hometown of Seminole in West Texas, and from a career as a lawyer he abandoned. He was going to the University of Houston law school when he chose to pursue a musical career instead.

His songs are different—the tunes written by the intense young man with strong religious upbringing who developed a fan cult with songs like "Maggie Lou's Massage Parlor Blues."

"I believe the same way I always did. I was raised in the Assembly of God church; a Pentacostal, very strict background. I believe in God. I believe in Jesus. I believe you ought to do your neighbor right and live by the Book. 'I'm not the best model of Christianity, by any means,' Gatlin stresses.

Whatever his lapses, he sees no contradictions between his role as an entertainer and his stance as a Christian. "In whatever walk of life," he explains, "if you're strong and you believe, you can go on about your life. Sure, you're exposed to more things of all nature—morally, drugs, drinking, wine, wild women and song—the whole thing. You're exposed to it, but you're exposed to that at the supermarket.

"We're trying to keep our act together," said Gatlin. "We're beginning to draw a few people. It's not easy because we can't work country nightclubs."

Gatlin doesn't like to perform in most nightclubs because he prefers a listening audience to a boogying one. He'll quit playing if somebody starts dancing.

"I play listening music and I want



"It's not a putdown to open a show for Willie Nelson," Larry Gatlin claims. "God, that's an honor."

them to listen to it," he said. "My songs are very dear and precious to me. I don't want to sing and have people dancing and grabbing somebody's fanny."

"It's not beneath me to play nightclubs," he said. "That's not the point. It's just that my brand of music is a little different than others."

Now that Gatlin's scored success with his brand of music, he expects to receive top billings.

"I'd like to be a headline attraction sure," he concedes wistfully. "Sure, I think anybody in this business who doesn't want to be a headliner ought to get out of it. You need some ambition. You don't want to be like Macbeth and have more leaping ambition to the point where you go bananas. But if it happens, I'll think it's God's will, and if it doesn't, I'll think it's His will anyway."

"There are a lot of shows that are important to be on," Gatlin points out. "It's not a putdown to go open a show for Willie Nelson. God, that's an honor! Everybody in the world would like to do it—for Waylon or for Kris or for John—or for anybody! That's a great honor!"

"As long as the people enjoy what I do, that's what's important. It'll be my day one of these days. Probably somebody'll be opening for me. Then I'll die off, and it'll be somebody else's

day. It all comes full circle. There's no use getting in a sweat about that. I think that's false pride—hubris in the highest order—so I don't worry about that."

Gatlin concedes that entertainers "are a proud lot. That's the nature of the beast, but I think when it gets the best of you, that's when you can kiss your career goodbye, 'cause it's ruined a lot of people. You can't worry about what the competition's doing, particularly . . . You just have to go cut good records and sing good when you get up there, and do right."

Gatlin had a listening audience that night—hundreds of thousands of TV viewers.

After Fromholz sang to the audience about bears, women and his hometown of Kopperl, Texas, Gatlin went onstage and ribbed Fromholz, who had joined Coach Royal and Senator McKnight in the audience.

"Now I'd do my Willie imitation," said Gatlin, singing a few lines of Fromholz' song, "I'll Have to Be Crazy," which Willie Nelson made into a hit.

"I'll trade you 'I'd Have To Be Crazy' for 'Broken Lady,'" Fromholz yelled at Gatlin.

"You've got a deal," Gatlin shot back. "If you'll let me keep the Grammy."

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PSG-25 1973 HIGHLIGHTS VOL. II
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PSG-53 1974 HIGHLIGHTS
Ray Wiley Hubbard, Jimmy Johnson, Flaco Jimenez, Riley Osbourne, Chubby Wise & Terry Morris, Southern Strangers, Kenneth Threadgill, Bill Priest, Asleep at the Wheel, Bill & Bonnie Hearne, Three Faces West, Plum Nelly.



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Johnny Vandiver, T&M Express, Dave Houston, Hickory, Red River Dave, Dee Moeller, Juke Boy Bonner, Wheatfield, Guy Clark, Carol Cisneros, T. Gosney Thornton, Rick Stein, Allen Damron, Lou-Ray, Townes Van Zandt, Bobby Bridger, Plum Nelly, Steve Fromholz, Denim, Carolyn Hester, Robert Shaw, Bluegrass Revue, Segle Fry, Mike Seeger, Bill & Bonnie Hearne, Don Sanders, Kenneth Threadgill, Terry Waldo, Ray Wiley Hubbard, Augie Meyer.



PSG-69 1976 HIGHLIGHTS
Peter Yarrow, Milton Carroll, Mark McKinnon, Dee Moeller, Kurt Van Sickle, Bill Staines, Hondo Crouch, Shane & Kitty, Bill Neeley, Don Sanders, Carolyn Hester, Bill Haymes, Hardin & Russell, Bobby Bridger "live" at Fifth Anniversary Festival. (AVAILABLE FOR MAILING MAY 15, 1977)



PSG-54
Any Old Time, Why Should I Be So Lonely, Mississippi Delta Blues, Waitin' For A Train, St. Louis (Honky-Tonk) Blues, Waitin' For A Train, Jimmie's Mean Mama Blues, Brake-man's Blues, Jimmie The Kid, Singing The Yodeling Blues, Wreck Of The Old 97, Peach Pickin' Time in Georgia.



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'Outlaw Blues'

Hollywood Cashes In On Texas Movement

By JOHN MOULDER

On the screen Susan Saint James and Peter Fonda are zipping down the Colorado River in a speedboat. On the banks, blue-uniformed actors are firing more bullets at them than the real Austin police shot at Charles Whitman when he went on his university tower shooting spree.

The audience was made up of a few hundred Texans standing around getting drunk in the party room of the Lone Star Brewery in San Antonio and a few Hollywood types including Susan Saint James.

The occasion was a private showing of the Warner Brothers film "Outlaw Blues," Hollywood's first effort to cash in on the Outlaw craze in country music.

Wearing a bright yellow, skimpy drawstring blouse and blue jeans tucked into boots, Susan Saint James looked a sight different—both onscreen and off—than she did as Rock Hudson's wife in the popular TV series "McMillan & Wife."

"Outlaw Blues" was filmed mostly in the streets and alleys of Austin and the countryside and waterways around it. Steven Tisch, the film's producer, says it will be premiered in Austin June 30.

"I'm hoping the movie will be a really big hit—especially here in Texas," said Susan Saint James. "If it sells here, I'm sure it will be a big hit across the country."

"Country-western music and progressive western music is really catching on all over the country," she went on. "I'm glad to help promote it."

The morning after the Lone Star party, during breakfast at San Antonio's St. Anthony Hotel, Miss Saint James told CountryStyle she received a liberal education during the six weeks she spent in Austin filming "Outlaw Blues."

"Before I went to Austin, I sort of followed Kris Kristofferson and Linda Ronstadt and that was my touch with country music," she said. "But you can't not get involved with music when you go to Austin. Musicians are everywhere. A lot of them were staying in our Holiday Inn."

"When we arrived, David Allan Coe and 17 motorcycles were there. I expected to see him shoot 'em up, but he was so tame, I couldn't get over it. I went to see him and I enjoyed it completely."



Austin, Texas, "home" of the Outlaw movement, is the background for the chilling stunts on land and water that are highlighted in the film "Outlaw Blues," starring Peter Fonda and Susan Saint James.

She became friends with country singers Steve Fromholz and Rusty Wier, who both appear in "Outlaw Blues," and hell-raiser Jerry Jeff Walker, who is widely known for his bottle-tipping.

Susan said the first time she ever met Walker he was so drunk he could barely walk onstage to sing. "And the newspaper reviewer wrote the next day that the show was good, but Jerry Jeff overdid the drunk act. He thought Jerry was acting!"

"Jerry Jeff's wife, Susan, was around a lot and we became good friends."

(Incidentally, Jerry Jeff was supposed to play a cameo role in "Outlaw Blues." But he

failed to show up the day the scene was shot. And when Susan called him from the set, he hung up on her. That's the way Jerry Jeff is.)

"I really liked Rusty Wier," said Susan Saint James. "When I met him, I told myself, I just know Rusty's mother tells him to cut his hair. And one day I met Rusty's mother and she told me, 'If you could just do anything about getting Rusty to cut his hair...'"

"Mothers are mothers. Even rock stars have mothers."

"Outlaw Blues" has a predictable Hollywood plot for the emerging Texas music scene: Peter Fonda plays a young singer named Bobby

Ogden, who, while in Huntsville prison for stealing a tractor has a hit song stolen from him by an established country music star played by James Callahan. Out of prison, Fonda confronts Callahan, accidentally shoots him, then teams up with Saint James and leads police on a wild chase in and around Austin while still trying to promote his own version of the song.

Fromholz, an Austin musician and Capitol recording artist, plays a sound engineer who aids the lovestruck Fonda and Saint James.

To get in the mood for the Austin music scene that the movie is supposed to be about,

Miss Saint James said she played a Jerry Jeff Walker album over and over again, engrossed by the "drunky sounds" of Mr. Bojangles' music.

Miss Saint James said she digs the Texas lifestyle. "Kids are accepted everywhere they go in Texas," she said. "They're totally welcome. In Los Angeles, children are sort of unwanted. At one restaurant in L.A. we were refused service because we had our children with us. But in Austin Willie (Nelson) takes his kids to concerts with him. At places like Soap Creek or the Split Rail (both settings for scenes in the movie), kids are allowed."

Susan and her husband, makeup artist Tom Lucas, have a 4-year-old daughter named Sunshine and a 2-year-old son named Harmony. They traveled to Austin in their camper and Susan took the children with her as she filmed scenes in the movie.

Peter Fonda sings five original songs in "Outlaw Blues." Susan Saint James does a little backup singing. Both claim they're frustrated singers at heart.

"I love music; I'm a very frustrated singer," Susan said. "I would be willing to die if I could come back with a beautiful voice like Barbra Streisand, to be able to open your mouth and have beautiful notes come out. It's amazing."

Says Fonda: "I've been singing since I was a little kid, but only for friends. 'The hardest part for me to do in the whole picture was not the fights, the dramatic scenes, the love scenes or even the high speed boat chases. It was singing for the first time in front of that Hollywood crew. I was relieved when I found they genuinely liked my singing. It was almost as hard as opening at Carnegie Hall.'"

The songs in the film were written by established composers Hoyt Axton, Lee Clayton, Harlan Sanders and John Oates.

Susan said she and Fonda became close friends during the filming of "Outlaw Blues."

"Peter was totally dedicated to it," she said. "It was amazing that a little \$2 million picture could really be a great picture."

"And it's more realistic than I'm used to. I loved doing the stunts; I've never had so much fun."

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Top Recording Stars Like . . .

Tom T. Hall	Olivia Newton-John
Kenny Loggins	Charlie Rich
Loretta Lynn	Smiley Robinson
Johnny Mathis	Seals & Crofts
Van McCoy	Hank Williams, Jr.
Jim Messina	to name a few

Top Record Company Executives and Producers Like . . .

Jerry Bradley	Jimmy Ienner
Mike Curb	Artie Mogull
Clive Davis	Richard Perry
Fred Foster	Bob Reno
Kenny Gamble	Billy Sherrill
Rick Hall	among others

And Top Music Publishers Like . . .

Larry Fogel	Jay Morgenstern
Al Gallico	Aaron Schroeder
Robert Gordy	Lester Sill
Dick James	Jack Stapp
Ivan Mogull	Mike Stewart
Bob Montgomery	Cliffie Stone

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOUR SONGS!

Superstar recording artists appreciate good songs, just like our judges. That's why each of these top names (among others) have recorded at least one song written by an American Song Festival winner:

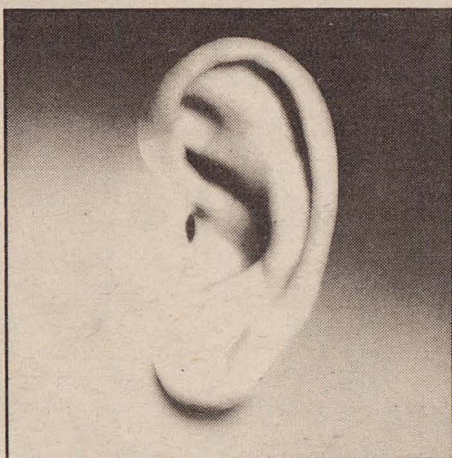
The Bay City Rollers	Olivia Newton-John
Johnny Cash	Tony Orlando
Cher	Elvis Presley
Rev. James Cleveland	Charlie Pride
Mac Davis	Charlie Rich
Marvin Gaye	Diana Ross
Bobby Goldsboro	Frank Sinatra
Hall & Oates	Joe Stampley
Waylon Jennings	The Temptations
Kris Kristofferson	Tanya Tucker
Barry Manilow	Stevie Wonder

AND THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU . . .

Major Record Companies are always on the lookout for talented singer/songwriters. Here are just some of the labels that have signed at least one ASF winner to a recording contract:

A&M	Epic
Asylum	MGM
Atlantic	Nemperor
Buddah	RCA
Columbia	United Artists
Elektra	Warner Bros.

So if you've been dreaming about being in the music business, instead of reading about it, the ASF could be the break you've been looking for!



THE JUDGES WANT TO HEAR YOUR SONG!

The criteria for judging in the songwriting competition are composition and lyrical content, when applicable. Elaborate instrumentation and production will have no bearing. Make a simple recording and follow the easy Entry Procedures . . . that's all you have to do.

OVER 1,650 PRIZES.

- 2 Grand Prizes (1 amateur category winner, 1 professional category winner) for an additional \$5,000 each.
- 8 Category Winners (5 amateur, 3 professional) will receive \$1,000 each.
- 65 Semi-Finalists (50 amateur, 15 professional) will receive \$200 each.
- 600 Quarter-Finalists (500 amateur, 100 professional) will receive \$50 each.
- 1,000 Amateur Honorable Mention Winners will each receive a beautiful scroll in recognition of their creative achievement.
- The winner of the Vocal Performance Competition will receive a Grand Prize of \$1,000.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

- * You retain all rights to your songs.
- * Amateurs never compete against Professionals.
- * The judges' decision option will allow a judge to pick an additional category for your song.

* The vocal performance competition is new and exciting. It is open to amateur singers. (See rules & regulations #9.) The judges will be looking for the best lead voice. The same tape can be entered in the songwriting competition.

WHAT YOU GET FOR ENTERING:

- **YOUR ORIGINAL CASSETTE RETURNED** with feedback from a judge recorded on it. (Optional feature at no extra cost.)
- **THE 1977 MUSIC BUSINESS DIRECTORY**—record companies, music publishers, studios and producers (reg. \$4 value).
- **A HANDBOOK FOR SONGWRITERS** containing information every songwriter should know (reg. \$3 value).
- **LIST OF 1977 WINNERS**—a list of all judges, plus all winners from Quarter-Finalists on up.

(Note: Entrant will receive one each of the above, regardless of the number of songs entered. The optional Cassette/Feedback feature is available for **each song** submitted to the Songwriting Competition.)

ENTRY PROCEDURES:

1. Record your song **clearly** on your own cassette. Only **one song** per cassette. Start recording at the beginning and rewind before mailing. **No leads sheets are needed.** Print **only** the song title on the recorded side of the cassette. (If you have recorded on a disk or reel-to-reel tape, we will duplicate it for \$1.00 per song on one of our cassettes.)
2. Fill out the entry form (or a reasonable facsimile) checking Rules and Regulations #8 and #9 for divisional status. Choose **only** categories in your division.
3. You must enter at least one category to compete. The entry fee for one category is **\$13.85**. The fee for each additional category and/or Judges' Decision Option is **\$8.25**.
4. **The Vocal Performance Competition** is open to **amateur** singers only (see Rules & Regulations #9) and the Cassette/Feedback offer does **not** apply.
5. If entering more than one song, a **separate** cassette and entry form (or reasonable facsimile) is needed for each.
6. Wrap the entry form and check or money

order around your cassette. Entry packages **must** have your name and address **printed clearly** on the outside so that acknowledgment of receipt can be sent to you.

7. Entry packages must be postmarked **NO LATER THAN JUNE 3, 1977** and sent to:
The American Song Festival
P.O. Box 57
Hollywood, CA 90028
Telephone (213) 937-7370

1977 RULES & REGULATIONS

1. Competition is open to any person except employees of the American Song Festival (ASF, Inc.) or their relatives or agents appointed by ASF, Inc.
2. The entrant warrants to ASF, Inc. that the entry is not an infringement of the copyright or other rights of any third party and that the entrant has the right to submit the entry to ASF, Inc., in accordance with its Rules and Regulations.
3. No musical composition or lyric may be entered that has been recorded or printed and released or disseminated for commercial sale in any medium in the United States prior to September 1, 1977, or the public announcement of the "Category Winners", whichever occurs first. All winners will be notified and all prizes awarded no later than January 1, 1978. Prizes will be paid to the songwriter named in item #1 on the official entry form.
4. The entrant shall (or shall cause the copyright proprietor of the entry if different from the entrant to) permit ASF, Inc. to perform the entry in and as part of any ASF, Inc. award ceremony, to record the entry on synchronization with a visual account of such ceremonies and to use the resulting account for such purposes as ASF, Inc. shall deem fit.
5. ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss of or damage to any entry prior to its receipt by ASF, Inc. If the entrant designates the "Cassette/Feedback" feature offered on the entry form, ASF, Inc. assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of material.
6. All decisions of the judges shall be final and binding upon ASF, Inc. and all entrants.
7. All entry packages must be postmarked no later than June 3, 1977. ASF, Inc. reserves the right to extend this date in the event of interruption of postal services, national emergencies or Acts of God.
8. For the purpose of songwriting competition division selection, a professional is anyone who is or has been a member or associate member of a performing rights organization, such as ASCAP, BMI, SESAC or their foreign counterparts. All others are amateurs.
9. For the purpose of eligibility in the Vocal Performance Competition, a professional singer is anyone who has had his or her voice recorded and said recording has been released or disseminated commercially in any medium and distributed for sale. All others may enter and compete.
10. Each entrant acknowledges that in the event he or she is the winner of a prize, ASF, Inc. will have the right to publicize and print his or her name and likeness and the fact that he or she won a prize and all matters incidental thereto.
11. Entrants agree to be bound by ASF, Inc. Entry Procedures and Rules & Regulations established in this official entry form.
© 1977 American Song Festival, Inc.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM Entry packages must be postmarked no later than JUNE 3rd.

1. SONGWRITER: _____
(Print Name)

2. ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

COUNTRY: _____

PHONE: Home () _____ Office () _____
Area Code Area Code

3. TITLE OF SONG: _____

4. DIVISION SELECTION

See Rules & Regulations #8 (Songwriting Competition) and #9 (Vocal Performance Competition) to determine your divisional status. Be sure to read both.

CATEGORY SELECTION

You must select one category by checking an appropriate box (\$13.85 Entry Fee).

ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES AND J.D.O.

You may have your entry compete in additional categories by checking the appropriate boxes (\$8.25 Entry Fee for each). If you would like the judges to choose an additional category for you, check the Judges' Decision Option Box (\$8.25 Entry Fee).

AMATEUR DIVISION

- ☐ TOP 40 (Rock/Soul)
- ☐ COUNTRY
- ☐ EASY LISTENING
- ☐ FOLK
- ☐ GOSPEL/INSPIRATIONAL
- ☐ VOCAL PERFORMANCE
(see Rules & Regulations #9)

☐ JUDGES' DECISION OPTION
(additional category only)

PROFESSIONAL DIVISION

- ☐ TOP 40 (Rock/Soul)
- ☐ EASY LISTENING
- ☐ COUNTRY
- ☐ JUDGES' DECISION OPTION
(additional category only)

5. ENTRY FEE:

FIRST CATEGORY \$13.85

ADDITIONAL CATEGORIES AND/OR JUDGES

DECISION OPTION \$8.25 × _____ = \$ _____

DUPING COST

(If entry not on cassette) \$1.00 = \$ _____

TOTAL FEE ENCLOSED \$ _____

6. COLLABORATORS' NAMES (if applicable): _____

7. ☐ CASSETTE/FEEDBACK FEATURE: Check the box to the left if you would like to have your original songwriting competition cassette returned to you with a judge's feedback recorded on the reverse side.

8. I hereby certify that I have read and agree to be bound by the Entry Procedures and Rules & Regulations of the American Song Festival which are incorporated herein by reference and that the information contained in the entry form is true and accurate.

SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____

SEPARATE ENTRY FORM NEEDED FOR EACH SONG.

Send entry to **THE AMERICAN SONG FESTIVAL**
P.O. Box 57
Hollywood, CA 90028



The 1977 American Song Festival®

An International Songwriting Competition

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A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization

CS

Sonny Makes The Jailhouse Rock



Sonny's in the limelight at the Tennessee State Prison where he cut an album before 900 inmates—using 11 of their own for "his" band and "his" backup group.

By BOB BATTLE

It could have been any audience whistling and applauding for Sonny James, except that they wore the grays and blues of the Tennessee State Prison.

And he was setting a musical first by using con-

victs for his band and backup vocalists.

Sonny James is the only free person on the new Columbia album entitled "Sonny James In Prison In Person."

"I've never worked with a greater bunch of men,"

James said, shortly after the March 30 "cutting session" in the institution's gymnasium.

"This was no spur-of-the-moment experiment," he explained. "I've been thinking about this for a long time, and we—the inmates and I—have been rehearsing

off and on for about four or five weeks.

Singer Johnny Cash has recorded in prisons before—but he never used the inmates as part of his act.

"But I wanted to form a prison band and use prison vocalists for my album," said the tall Hackelburg, Ala., singer who first learned to make music at the age of 3 by strumming a homemade guitar his father made from a molasses can.

"It was no easy matter. There is a lot of talent behind the walls," James noted of the session which was produced by Music Row's George Rickey.

"In fact, there are rock, blues, country, and folk groups which perform together as a hobby. They are very, very cooperative, and work well together."

There was no audition. Each group did its thing, and the seven musicians and four vocalists were selected personally by the artist who has become a living legend in country music.

"This was an opportunity for us that's never been presented before," declared Dan Moffitt, a drummer from Little Rock, Ark., who is serving 31 years for armed robbery. "When I was a kid—15 or 16—I worked for Charlie Rich.

"But I never got into the recording business. Now maybe we'll get some engagements on the outside because of this album."

James said the convicts suggested they be called "his" prison band.

"They insisted," Sonny said, "and I agreed to their wishes. So—for this album (and any others which might be cut there), it's 'Sonny James and HIS Tennessee State Prison Band.' It includes two convicted murderers, three rapists in for life and five others doing a total of 118 years.

"They are a great group of fellows.

"This was an outlet for them, and they were so very cooperative. I can't say too

(Continued On Page 43)



Sonny James gets musical support from all-inmate vocalists and sidemen.

The COUNTRYSTYLE Reader Poll

CountryStyle has come up with the cure for all those fanatic country music followers frustrated because they disagreed with the all-star selections made by the Country Music Association and the Academy of Country Music.

We're taking a poll of our readers so finally they'll have a voice in handing out the honors for top male vocalist, female vocalist, group, instrumentalist and composer.

Nominations are already pouring in from readers across the country. We think it's about time that the folks who buy the records and put the quarters in the jukeboxes had their say.

There are no rules. You simply fill out the coupon—listing your favorite male and female singers, group, instrumentalist and composer—and send it in to CountryStyle.

To be fair about it, we can accept only one ballot per reader. And that must be the official one at right (no photocopies, please—our help here is educated—and can easily tell the difference).

A partial list of performers—to help confuse you—is also printed at right.

Ballots will be printed in the next four issues of CountryStyle. After a short pause—to allow ballots to be counted—the winners will be announced in mid-summer.

The top vote-getter in each category will receive a suitable award designating him as best in his field, as chosen by CountryStyle readers.

So go to it fans, let's hear who your favorites are!



MALE VOCALIST

Roy Acuff
Rex Allen, Jr.
Bill Anderson
Eddy Arnold
Chet Atkins
Hoyt Axton
Moe Bandy
Bobby Bare
Jim Ed Brown
Jimmy Buffett
Johnny Bush
Johnny Cash
Guy Clark
Roy Clark
David Allen Coe
Randy Corner
Billy "Crash" Craddock
Mac Davis
Jimmy Dean
John Denver
Dave Dudley
Stoney Edwards
Blake Emmons
Narvel Felts
Freddie Fender
Larry Gatlin
Don Gibson
Mickey Gilley
Jack Greene
Ray Griff
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Freddie Hart
John Hartford
Ferlin Husky
Sonny James
Waylon Jennings
George Jones
Wayne Kemp
Don King
Kris Kristofferson
Jerry Lee Lewis
Gordon Lightfoot
Bob Luman
C.W. McCall
Roger Miller
Ronnie Milsap
Bill Monroe
Lester Moran
Willie Nelson
Jimmy Newman
Buck Owens
Carl Perkins
Elvis Presley
Ray Price
Charley Pride
John Prine
Eddie Rabbitt
Eddy Raven
Jerry Reed
Ronnie Reno
Charlie Rich
Marty Robbins
Johnny Rodriguez
T.G. Sheppard
Cal Smith
Hank Snow
Red Sovine
Jim Stafford
Joe Stampley

Kenny Starr
Ray Stevens
Gary Stewart
Mel Street
Nat Stuckey
Billy Swan
Mel Tillis
Ernest Tubbs
Conway Twitty
Porter Wagoner
Billy Walker
Jerry Jeff Walker
Freddie Weller
Rusty Wier
Don Williams
Hank Williams, Jr.
Mac Wiseman
Steve Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

Lynn Anderson
Barbi Benton
Ronee Blakely
June Carter Cash
Judy Collins
Jessi Colter
Rita Coolidge
Wilma Lee Cooper
Helen Cornelius
Skeeter Davis
Penny DeHaven
Dottsy
Barbara Fairchild
Donna Fargo
Crystal Gayle
Bobby Gentry
Arlene Hardin
Linda Hargrove
Emmylou Harris
Wendy Holcombe
Jessica James
LaCosta
Brenda Lee
Lawanda Lindsey
Loretta Lynn
Barbara Mandrell
Jody Miller
Melba Montgomery
Anne Murray
Tracy Nelson
Olivia Newton-John
Chris O'Connell
Bonnie Owens
Dolly Parton
Minnie Pearl
Sandy Posey
Jeanne Pruitt
Susan Ray
Becky Remec
Jeanie C. Riley
Linda Ronstadt
Jeannie Seeley
Sunday Sharpe
Jeanie Shepard
Connie Smith
Margo Smith
Sammi Smith
Billie Jo Spears
Diana Trask

Tanya Tucker
Mary Lou Turner
Kitty Wells
Dottie West
Leona Williams
Tammy Wynette

COMPOSER

Hoyt Axton
Mac Davis
John Denver
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Linda Hargrove
John Hartford
Waylon Jennings
Kris Kristofferson
Gordon Lightfoot
Roger Miller
Michael Murphey
Willie Nelson
Johnny Rodriguez
Shel Silverstein

INSTRUMENTALIST

Chet Atkins
Roy Clark
Vassar Clements
Curly Ray Cline
Pete Drake
Lester Flatt
Johnny Gimble
Josh Graves

Lloyd Green
John Hartford
Dave Kirby
Charlie McCoy
Ralph Mooney
Bob Moore
Weldon Myrick
Jerry Reed
Hargus "Pig" Robbins
Earl Scruggs
Buddy Spicher
Ralph Stanley
Doc Watson
Reggie Young

GROUP

Amazing Rhythm Aces
Asleep At The Wheel
Blue Sky Boys
The Browns
Buckaroos
Burrito Brothers
Calico
Carter Family
Clinch Mountain Boys
Coal Miners
Commander Cody
Country Gentlemen
Charlie Daniels Band
Dave and Sugar
Danny Davis & The Nashville Brass
Dillards
Dr. Hook
Dusty Drapes & Dusters

Eagles
Lester Flatt's Newgrass
The Four Guys
Fuller Brothers
Emmylou Harris' Hot Band
Jolly Giants
The Jones Boys
Jordanares
Lost Gonzo Band
Marshall Tucker Band
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Oak Ridge Boys
Osborne Brothers
Outlaws
Piper Road Spring Band
Prairie Fire
The Po' Boys
Red Clay Ramblers
Red Rose Express
Riders of the Purple Sage
Saddle Creek
Earl Scruggs Revue
Second Fiddles
Seldom Scene
Smokey Mountain Boys
Stanley Brothers
Statesiders
Statler Brothers
The Strangers
Tennessee Cutups
Tennessee Three
Tennessee Walkers
Texas Troubadours
Twitty Birds
The Wagonmasters
Waylors

COUNTRYSTYLE Reader Poll Official Ballot

Male Vocalist _____

Female Vocalist _____

Group _____

Instrumentalist _____

Composer _____

Reader's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send To: Reader Poll
CountryStyle Magazine
11058 W. Addison St..
Franklin Park, Ill. 60131

Louis L'Amour's 'Men

Louis L'Amour, the world's most famous Western writer, has lived the life of his fictional characters. Since leaving his native Jamestown, North Dakota, at 15, he's been a longshoreman, lumberjack, elephant handler, hay shocker, flume builder, fruit picker and an officer on tank destroyers during World War II.

The following is one in a series of short stories that he has given CountryStyle special permission to reprint. The story is typical of the L'Amour style—painstakingly accurate. L'Amour's knowledge of the West comes from his extensive travels, his biographies of more than 1,000 Western gunfighters, and his prodigious reading (his library holds over 2,000 volumes of Western lore).

Reprinted from WAR PARTY by Louis L'Amour. Copyright © 1975 by Bantam Books, Inc. By permission of Bantam Books.

This is the conclusion of "Men To Match The Hills."

There was neither sound nor movement. His canteen was on his horse, and the horse would come if he called. The black was probably waiting for just that.

Jim Bostwick checked his belt. His six-shooter now held six shells, for he was going to be using it, not carrying it, and there were still twenty-odd shells in his belt. If he could not win with that number, he would never win.

Rage welled up in him and suddenly, heedless of consequences, he shouted, "I'm going to kill you, Cap! You've drygulched your last man!"

"Come and get me then!" Moffit taunted. "You're so full of holes now you won't last the night!"

Jim Bostwick rubbed his unshaven jaw. He rolled over, thrusting his six-shooter in his belt. His arms were strong and unhurt, he could drag himself, or hobble if he could get up on his good leg.

Slowly and painfully, he worked his way along the side of the ridge into the deeper brush and trees. Dust and sweat caked his face, but his heavy jaw was set and frozen against the biting pain. In a dense clump of brush, he waited. The horse was his ace-in-the-hole. The black would not leave, and he could call to him. Had Moffit been active, he might have reached the horse, but smelling of blood, there was small chance of any stranger getting near.

Under the bushes, Bostwick lowered himself and lay on the pine needles, panting hoarsely. He must not pass out—he must stay alert. Cap Moffit had not only money for a reason now, but he must kill Bostwick or die himself.

Pain welled up and went through the rancher. He gritted his teeth against it, and against the weakness that was in him. Soon he would start out. He would get going.

A faint coolness touched his face, a stirring breath of air. He lifted his head and looked around. There was a bank of clouds over the mountains, piled-up thunderheads. The coolness touched his face again, breeze with the smell of rain in it. The country could use rain. The grass needed it. His head sank forward.

Only a minute it seemed, yet when he opened his eyes it was black—black and wet. It was raining. He had passed out.

His eyes had opened to darkness and a vast roaring that filled the world, a roaring of gigantic masses of wind and almost continuous thunder. Like a solid wall the wind swept the ridge, bending the huge trees like willows and sweeping the rocks with icy scythes of driving rain, pounding the earth and lashing at his cowering, raindrenched body.

Suddenly, below the awful roar of the wind along the towering ridge, he heard another sound—faint, but definite. A vast bursting flare of lightning illumined the ridge with blinding incandescent light. Through the flare there was a vicious whiplash of vivid blue flame, and his brain seemed split apart by a rending crash!



To Match The Hills'

The huge pine near which he had been lying seemed to burst under his eyes and the towering mass of the tree toppled, falling away from him, leaving the dead-white fractured center exposed to the rain and the wind. Lightning whipped at the ridge, and the earth and rocks smelled of brimstone and charred pine needles.

And below the roar he heard again that whisper of sound. Lightning flared, and in the white glare he saw Cap Moffit, eyes wide and staring, Cap Moffit, poised and waiting for the flare, gun in hand. Even as he glimpsed him, Moffit fired!

The bullet missed, and Jim Bostwick rolled over, grabbing wildly, desperately, for his own gun. Wildly he fired, hurling three fast shots at the place from which the shot had come. With a lunge he made it to his feet, shot out a hand and grabbed the lightning-blasted stump even as lightning flared again. They shot as one man, then Bostwick let go his hold and lunged through the driving wall of rain at the spot where he had seen Moffit. They came together, and Bostwick struck wickedly with his gun barrel and missed, falling forward. He rolled over quickly and saw the dark figure swaying above him. Moffit fired, the blast of flame only feet from Bostwick's face. He felt the wicked sting of burning powder and felt the blow of the bullet as it struck him.

Huge billowing clouds rolled low over the ridge, and the whiplike flashes of lightning danced like dervishes of flame along the ridge. The forest would have been aflame had it not been for the great masses of water that were driven along it.

Moffit fired again, but he was weaving like one of the bushes around them and the shot missed. Bostwick rolled over. Grimly he struggled, moaning with eagerness to get up, to get his hands on Moffit. He swung out a wild, clutching hand and grabbed one of the killer's ankles. He jerked and the man fell and, bloody and wounded as Bostwick was, he clawed to grab a hold on the man's throat. There was another vivid streak of lightning, then Moffit's gun roared. . . .

Consciousness returned, but slowly. Jim Bostwick lay flat on his face on the rocks of the ridge, swept bare by the violence of wind and rain. Around him, where all had been rushing wind and roaring rain, there was dead stillness. His head thudded with hammer-blows of agony. His shoulder and arm were stiff, one leg seemed useless, and every movement seared him with pain.

The rain had ceased. The wind had gone. The might of the thunder in the lonely ravines to the south and west had turned to the far off mumbling of a puppy. Storm-tossed clouds scattered the skies and vied with the stars for attention. And Jim Bostwick lay sprawled and alone on the ridge, his body spent, weakened from loss of blood and the whipping rain. And then he put out a hand and found his gun. Somehow he got his knees under him and lifted himself. He spun the cylinder of the gun and it turned.

Fumbling with clumsy fingers, he worked the ejector rod and pushed out the empty shells. Then he loaded the gun with care from his belt. There was nobody near him. He could see that. Wherever Moffit was, he was not here.

Jim Bostwick fumbled around, feeling, then he found a broken limb. Using it for a crutch, he got to his feet.

Blackie would have gone. The storm would have driven him off. Bostwick knew that straight ahead of him and more than a thousand feet down was the ranch, and if he was to live, he must get back to that ranch.

It was no use to try going around by the trail. He would never make it. Somehow he must fumble and fall and feel his way to the bottom. How long it took him, he did not know, but he knew when he reached

it, and his fingers found something else. A horse's track!

If a track was here, it had to be made since the storm. He called out, risking a shot from Moffit, if he was still alive and nearby. He called again, and again. Then he heard a low whinny and the clop, clop of hoofs.

"Blackie!" he whispered. "Blackie!"

The horse snorted and shied, then came nearer, snuffling in the darkness. He reached up, and the horse shied again. He spoke his name and Blackie stood still. One hand got the stirrup, and then he pulled himself into the wet saddle.

"Home, Blackie!" he whispered and, as if waiting for just that, the black turned and started out across the little valley toward the house.

Sagging over the pommel, he still managed to cling to it, and when the black stopped at the steps of the house, he almost fell from the saddle. And when he hit the steps his hand struck the face. He grabbed for a gun, then stopped. The face was still, the body unmoving, but warm.

In the still, cold light from a vague gray predawn, he stared down at the crumpled figure. It was Cap Moffit.

Jim Bostwick chuckled, a hoarse, choking sound. "You—you couldn't take it!" he sneered.

Turning over, he reached with his good hand for the girth and managed to get it loose and let the saddle fall. Then he pulled the black's head down and got the bridle off.

"Take a roll, boy," he whispered, "and rustle some grub."

He got the door open, then got a hand on Moffit's collar and dragged him inside, leaving one boot

'I like a tough man. I like a fighter. You did pretty good up on that mountain last night, pretty good for a drygulching killer,' Jim Bostwick told his assailant.

caught on the step with a spur. He got Moffit's guns and put them both near his hand.

It took him an hour to get his wounds uncovered, and another hour to get them bathed and dressed, after a fashion. As he worked, he looked grimly at the unconscious man. "I'm still moving," he said, "I'm going to come through."

When he had his wounds dressed, he went to work on Moffit. He was working on nerve, he knew that, and nothing but nerve. He kept himself going, forced himself to keep moving. He got the wounded man fixed up and got water heating on the stove, then slumped in a chair, his face haggard and bearded, his eyes hollow, his hair tangled with mud and blood—the last bullet had cut his scalp open and given him what was probably a mild concussion. He stared across at the unconscious killer, his eyes bleak.

When the water was hot, he made coffee and laced it with whisky and burned his mouth gulping a cup of it, then another. Then he pulled himself, sliding the chair by gripping the wall, until he was close to Cap Moffit. He tied the wounded killer's wrists and ankles. Some time later, sprawled on the bed, he passed out again.

Hours later, with daylight streaming in the door from a sinking sun, he awakened. His eyes went at once to Moffit. The wounded man lay on the floor, glaring at him.

Bostwick swung his feet to the floor and stared blearily at Moffit. "Trussed up like a dressed chicken!" he sneered. "A hell of a gunman you are!"

Moffit stared at him. "You don't look so good yourself!" he retorted.

Bostwick caught the ledge along the wall with his good hand and pulled himself erect. He slapped the gun in his waistband. "I still got a gun," he said, and crept along the wall to the kitchen where he got the fire going, then fell into a chair. "You ain't so hot with a short gun," he said.

"I got you."

Bostwick chuckled. "Yeah, you're holding me, ain't you? I'm dead, ain't I? You two-bit imitation of a killer, you never saw the day you could kill me."

Moffit shook his head. "Maybe you're right," he said. "You must have three bullets in you now."

"Four hits you made." Bostwick chuckled. "I'm carrying no lead."

His stomach felt sick, but he managed to get water on the stove and make coffee. When he fell back in the chair again he felt weak and sicker.

"You better set still," Moffit said. "You're all in." He paused. "Whyn't you shoot me when you had the chance?"

"Aw—" Bostwick stared at him, grim humor in his eyes—"I like a tough man. I like a fighter. You did pretty good up on that mountain last night, pretty good for a drygulching killer."

Cap Moffit said nothing. For the first time the words of another man hurt. He stared down at his sock feet, and he had no reply to make.

"You going to turn me in for a hanging?" he finally asked.

"Naw," Bostwick poured coffee into a cup and slid it across the table. "Somebody'll shoot you sure as the Lord made little apples. You ever come back around here and I will. This here Tom Utterback who owns this spread, he's a good man."

"He's got a good man for a friend."

Two sick, wounded men struggled through four days, and it was Bostwick who struggled. Moffit watched him, unbelieving. It was impossible that any man could be so tenacious of life, so unbelievably tough. Yet this big, hard man was not giving up. No man, Moffit felt suddenly, could kill such a man. There was something in him, something black, bitter and strong, something that would not die.

On the sixth morning, Cap Moffit was gone. He had taken a gray from the other corral and he had gone off, riding his recovered saddle—wounded, but alive.

Tom Utterback rode up to the ranch on the ninth day. He stared at the pale shadow of a man who greeted him, gun in hand. He stared at the bloody bandage on the leg.

"You wasn't in that gunfight in town, was you?" he demanded.

"What gunfight?"

"Stranger name of Cap Moffit. He had some words with Charley Gore and two of his boys. They shot it out."

"They get him?"

"Don't know. He was shot up bad, but he rode out on his own horse."

"What happened to Gore?"

Utterback shook his head. "That stranger was hell on wheels. He killed Gore and one of his men and wounded the other."

"Yeah, he was a good man, all right." Jim Bostwick backed up and sat down in a chair. "Make some coffee, will you? And a decent meal. I'm all in."

A few minutes later he opened his eyes. He looked up at the ceiling, then out the door where another sun was setting.

"I'm glad he got away," he muttered.

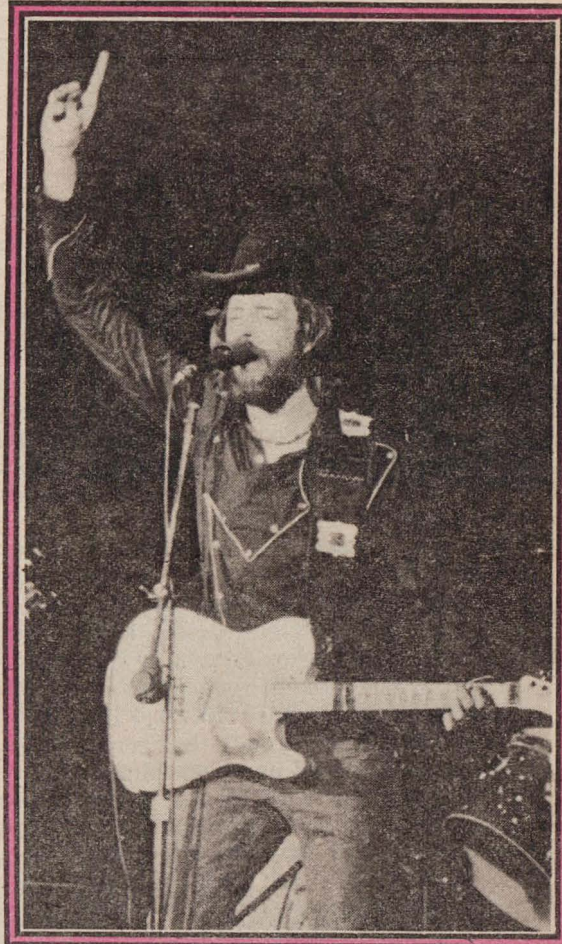
NEXT: L'Amour's "Defense Of The Sentinel."



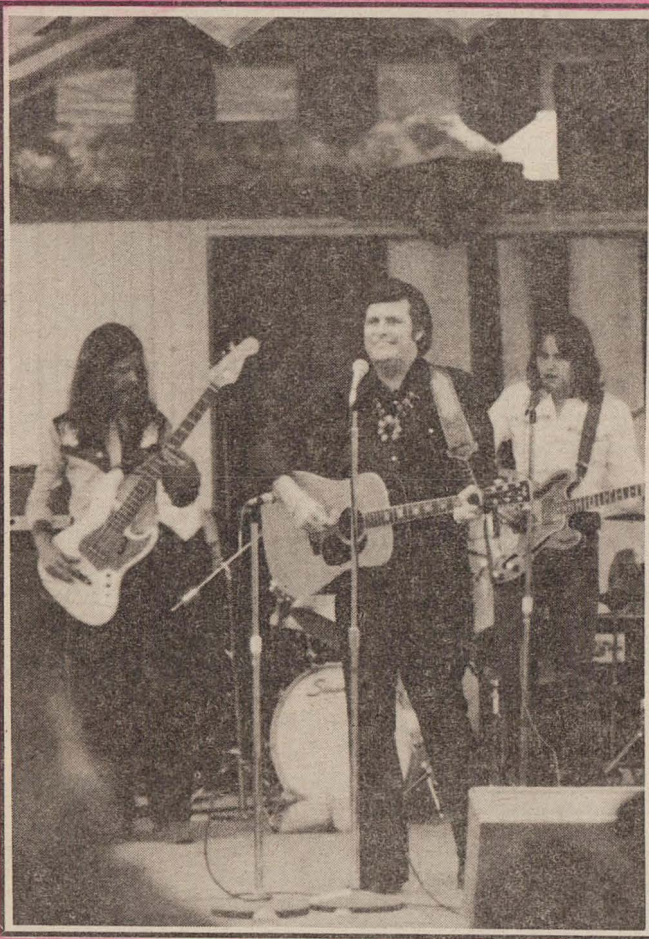
Good Shooting!

Response has been tremendous to our CountryStyle Photo Contest and here's a sampling of some of the better entries we've received so far. Keep your finger on the trigger and your eyes peeled for that photo that could make you a CountryStyle shooting star!

Barbi Benton and Mickey Gilley, taken by Mel Schneidman of Los Angeles, Calif., after the Academy of Country Music's award show.



Rusty Weir, taken by Mike Norton of Huntsville, Texas.



Merle Kilgore, backed up by the group Cactus Jack, taken by Carl Roy Ulatowski of New Britain, Conn.



Dolly Parton, taken by Jerry W. Worth of Waco, Texas.

CountryStyle Contest Welcomes Shutterbugs

If you're an amateur photographer and love country music, we want you to enter our new CountryStyle photo contest.

Send us your favorite snap of your favorite country artist, either in performance or in an offstage casual setting. If it's good, we'll print it—maybe right on the front cover of CountryStyle, in full color. If it's among the best, we may have a place for you on the CountryStyle staff, photographing country music events in your area for our magazine.

The picture can be black and white or color, any size print taken by any camera, although we prefer 35 mm black and white prints or color slides.

Here are a few hints on how best to capture a live performance on film.

A 35 mm SLR (single lens reflex) camera is probably your best bet for performance photographs. Use a "fast" telephoto lens, if you've got one. Many of the best concert photos you see in the pages of CountryStyle and other music magazines were taken with a 135-mm f2.8 lens.

Keep in mind lighting conditions will be far from ideal in the usual performance setting—and an electric strobe won't help either, even if you're allowed to use it. So take your photos with a high speed film.

Finally, don't ruin the concert for others in trying to get your photograph. If the admission ticket says "no photos," don't take any, and if security people do allow you to shoot pictures, cooperate with them and your fellow audience members.

We look forward to hearing from you. Send your contest photos to CountryStyle Photo Contest, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

(All entries automatically become the property of CountryStyle and, can not be returned unless prior arrangements are made with the editor.)

Dear CountryStyle,
I always thought CountryStyle was the best, but that great story and photos of Lynn Anderson proves it. As a long time fan of this great talent I appreciate it very much. And I might add long overdue. Keep up the good work.

James F. Mammo
Long Island City, NY
Ed.—Glad you like the articles, we sure liked the photos.



Lynn Anderson

Dear CountryStyle,

I just picked up the latest edition of your fantastic paper. You never fail to please me with your articles and photos. You are the greatest. I know of no other magazine that I read every single page. I don't want to miss anything. Your features on stars ask and tell just what the reader would ask if they could talk to the stars. Keep up the good work. Enclosed in this letter is a money order for a subscription. I will be in the hospital for a time and I don't want to miss any of your issues.

Three cheers for CountryStyle. It's too bad the other country issues sold at bookstands aren't as enjoyable to read as yours. I might be tempted to buy more than just yours. Keep up the good work.

Doris Roberson
Leavenworth, Wash.

Dear CountryStyle,

We're all very pleased with the presentation of "A Mule For San'a Fe" in the March 10 issue of CountryStyle, and we've passed our copy on to Louis L'Amour.

Nancy Zoole
Subsidiary Rights
Bantam Books, Inc.

Ed.—Glad you liked it.

COUNTRY MAILBOX

Country Mailbox is reserved for your letters. We'd like you to use it to express your opinions about anything you read in CountryStyle. If you like us, tell us. If you don't, we want to hear that, too. Send your letters to: COUNTRY MAILBOX, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.

Dear CountryStyle,

I have been looking all over for a poster of Mel Tillis because he is my second favorite singer. Could you please find me one? And I would also like to know when his birthday is.

I would also like to thank you for the CountryStyle magazine that I sent for about Mel Tillis and Ronnie Milsap. They are my two favorite singers.

Roseann Humphreys
Twin Lake, Mich.

You can write to Mel Tillis' booking agency, Jim Halsey Co., Inc., 3225 S. Norwood, Tulsa, Okla. 74135, and possibly they can help you obtain a poster. Tillis' birthday is Aug. 8.

Dear CountryStyle,

After reading your most welcomed article, "Abusive Fans," all I can say is—Thank God someone is telling it like it is—I'll AMEN every word of it!

I'm 43 years old and a devout Elvis fan. I had never seen Elvis in concert until this past July! I was appalled by the actions of some of the women trying to "jerk" the scarfs from Elvis' poor neck! Not to mention almost getting "trampled to death" two months earlier, just buying my tickets!!!

While Elvis does electrify me—I was so frozen to my chair that I couldn't even sigh.

My heart really goes out to

all entertainers because I wouldn't be able to look at myself in the mirror if I ever treated another human being like that.

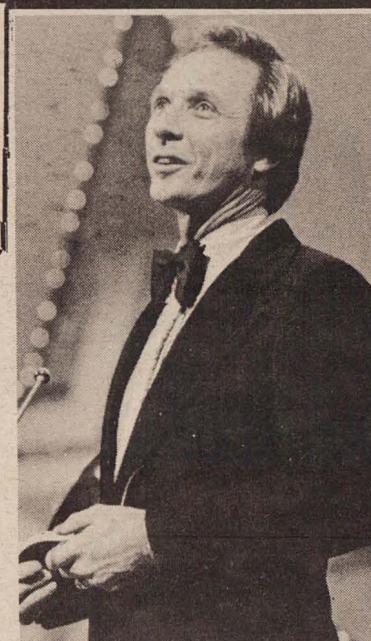
I wouldn't be able to bear the "guilt within me" to hurt anyone with such a great talent, as Elvis is.

How kind of you for pointing out the "ruthlessness" that has plagued so many of the GREATS.

"Dignity and respect" seems to have gotten lost somewhere back there in time.

So let's all take a deep breath, count to three and try to show our favorite entertainers that we really love and appreciate them by acting "civilized"—instead of blood like hounds!!!

Betty F. Williams
Lafayette, La. 70501



Mel Tillis

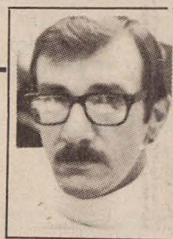
Dear CountryStyle,

I bought my first copy of your wonderful magazine last month, and I think it is super! I've been a country fan, singer all my life, born in Oklahoma, I know good music, and country is it! You all do a wonderful job.

Veralee Miller
Umatilla, Ore. 97882

COUNTRYSTYLE Backstage

By RAY BACHAR
Managing Editor



He hasn't asked me yet, but when President Carter comes around for advice on how to ease the energy crisis, I think I can help him.

I would pass laws regulating electric guitars.

It doesn't sound like much, I admit, but when you think about it for a while, I'm sure you'll see the logic of such a move.

Here's how it would work:

The president says we're running out of oil and using too much of what we've got to make gasoline for big cars or to turn turbines that produce electricity.

Under my plan, we would ration the number of electric guitars that could be manufactured and put a limit on how much those already in use could be played.

I'm sure you'll agree that controlling the amount of playing time guitar pickers would be allowed will amount to a substantial savings in electricity. And the fewer guitars made, the less juice will be needed to operate such instruments. But the savings don't end there.

If the number of electric guitars now manufactured is, say, cut in half, less electricity will be needed to operate the plants that build them.

The savings from this part of the plan alone would be astronomical. But there's more.

If there are less guitars around, it stands to reason that there will be fewer guitar players—unless some fanatics double up and take turns playing a single instrument, which is possible.

And if there's a limit to playing time, obviously there will be less practicing. This is the beautiful part.

With fewer and less skilled guitar players around, far fewer will become good enough to be country stars. That's part two of the plan.

Everybody knows that country stars buy big cars. And big cars burn oil and guzzle a lot of gas. So if there

A Simple Way To Save Energy

are less country stars, there will be fewer big cars sold and less gas used.

While it's a drastic solution, the plan is simple and fool proof, and not even a Washington politician could goof it up. And it would go a long way towards easing our energy crisis.

Besides, think of all the people it would make happy. People like myself or Vic Willis of the Association of Country Entertainers. Amplified music hurts my ears and Vic doesn't cotton to newfangled things—particularly when they clutter up country music. Vic's partial to washboards and jugs, so I'm sure that when it comes to electrified guitars he'd be just as happy to see some restrictions. At least until the juice is supplied by windmills.

Actually, the electric guitar is kind of a freak instrument, anyway, although it came into being to fill a definite need.

Time was when playing a musical instrument meant taking piano or violin lessons, but these devices had obvious drawbacks. For one thing, you couldn't take a piano with you to a picnic. And violins were considered something sissies played, so you hardly ever ventured into a tavern with one under your arm—unless you were prepared to defend your manhood. And a fiddle was all but useless in a barroom fight, shattering too easily to allow you to tap anyone on the brow.

Clarinets, saxophones and trumpets were played by guys who slicked down their hair and smoked funny things, so they were out.

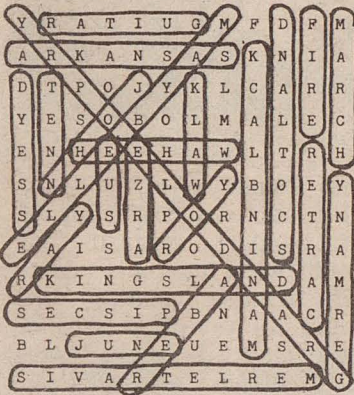
That left the guitar, and after Elvis Presley showed how you could get all kinds of girls by strummin' on one they became immensely popular. But the popularity led to electrification and the electrification led to the energy crisis. And if you don't believe me, just compare the growth in popularity of guitars to our increased use of energy. The two go together.

COUNTRYSTYLE

By DIANE DEAN

OK, country fans. Sharpen your pencils and take a look at this alphabet soup.

Answers to Puzzle No. 2



Another of Johnny Cash's best songs can be found by writing down the uncircled letters, starting at the top of the puzzle and reading from left to right.

F O L L O W S P R I S O N

B L U E S

No, it's not the chart you read at the eye doctor's. It's a puzzle we made to test your knowledge of country music. We hope you like it because there'll be more. Here's how it works.

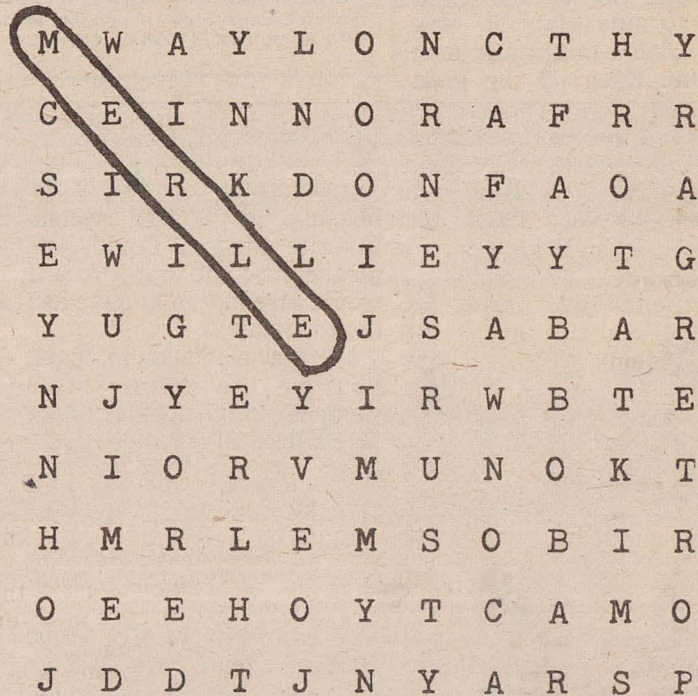
The first names of 32 male country music stars are hidden in the maze of letters. The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started by circling MERLE. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used.

NAMES USED

ROY Acuff
HOYT Axton
MOE Bandy
BOBBY Bare
JIM ED Brown
JIMMY Buffett
JOHNNY Cash
GUY Clark
ROY Clark
MAC Davis
DON Gibson
RAY Griff
MERLE Haggard
TOM T. Hall
WAYLON Jennings
KRIS Kristofferson
C.W. McCall
RONNIE Milsap
WILLIE Nelson
ELVIS Presley
RAY Price
T.G. Sheppard
RED Sovine
JOE Stampley
GARY Stewart
NAT Stuckey
CONWAY Twitty
PORTER Wagoner
JERRY JEFF Walker
RUSTY Wier
DON Williams
FARON Young

Star Search

PUZZLE No. 3



One of the most versatile guitar players in the world can be found by reading the uncircled letters from left to right starting at the top of the puzzle.

1/2

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CountryStyle is the World's No. 1 country music magazine. Just like country music, CountryStyle's got something to say, each and every issue. Inside the colorful pages of CountryStyle biweekly, read all about your favorite country stars, truckers, CBs, country radio and people who live a country lifestyle. We guarantee that CountryStyle will make you smile!

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Fan Fair, Uniquely Nashville

(Continued From Page 3)

Reunion Show was about to begin.

Three hours later, more than 8,000 fans proved him right when they packed the auditorium to see and hear four members of the Hall of Fame—Governor Davis, Pee Wee King, Minnie Pearl and Chet Atkins, who made a surprise appearance and sang "Poison Love" with Johnny Wright.

The thrills, though, did not belong solely to the fans.

"It's unbelievable how many fans still remember me, even without having a big hit record in recent years," said Kenny Roberts, world's yodeling champion who sang "She Taught Me How To Yodel."

"It's really a thrill to know people still hold you in such esteem," he added. Hank (Sugarfoot)

Garland, Grand Ole Opry musician and recording artist until he was critically injured in an automobile accident in 1961, made his first public appearance since that time. Hank picked on his fabled electric guitar "Sugarfoot Rag," the hit that gave him his nickname.

"It's wonderful," he said. "It's just like starting to live all over again."

For other "Reunionaires," the day was not so dramatic. But it was a chance to renew acquaintances and to relive the personal history of the country music they helped to create.

"God love you!" they would say as they embraced old friends.

"I haven't seen you in so long!"

And this year—again—there will be many old acquaintances renewed at Fan Fair, 1977.



Last year's Walkway of the Stars' installation at the Country Music Hall of Fame. From left, Ronnie Milsap, Joe E. Lewis' father (accepting for the late Joe E. Lewis), Ramblin' Tommy Scott, Ray Whitley, Hoyt Axton, Phelps D. Murdock Jr. (accepting for C.W. McCall), Mickey Gilley, "Red River" Dave McEnery, and Fred Goldrup (accepting for the late Vernon Dalhart).

Photo courtesy of the Country Music Foundation Library and Media Center.



Personal



Hey, CountryStyle readers! Here's a great way to make new friends who love country music and country style life as much as you do. To introduce this new correspondence column, CountryStyle will run your ad of up to 30 words for only \$5 per issue (less than 20¢ per word)—additional insertions only \$2 each. Make your ad interesting by adding who your favorite performer is, what your hobbies are, etc. Mail ads to: CountryStyle Personals, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131. Hurry, this offer can't last very long. CountryStyle reserves the right to edit or refuse any ad.

N. CENTRAL TEX. FEMALE—22-5157-F - 41, blonde, blue eyes, 5'2", 140, divorced. Would like to meet men, 45-55, who are lonely & looking for a wholesome loving woman. Like C&W music, dancing, bowling, boating, camping, most sports. Anyone who would like to share some of my interests, please write and send photo.

PA. WIDOW—20-5155-F - 5'4", 129, 59. Likes cooking, sewing, gardening, traveling, C&W music, all simple things of life. Favorite artists, Conway Twitty, Loretta Lynn. Seek kind, sincere gent, 57-60 with same interests. Photo please.

ILLINOIS FEMALE—20-5158-F - Secretary, White, late 30s, 5'4 1/2", average weight, personable. Like most any music, homelife, traveling, animals, varied interests. Seek respectable, one woman man. No phones. Belleville, St. Louis or elsewhere.

INDIANA FEMALE—23-2223-F - White, 23, 5'2", 108. Desire to hear from gentleman, 43-49, rich, sincere, generous, nice looking, honorable intentions, home in country in Indiana. Photo please.

OREGON FEMALE—23-2222-F - Non-smoker or drinker, 32, 5'2", 138, honest, sincere. Like homelife, C&W music, reading, outdoors, animals. Seek gentle, considerate male, 29-38.

NEW YORK WIDOW—22-2334-F - 33, white, 5'6", 122, blonde, blue eyes, no dependents. Excellent cook and homemaker, management position, owns country home. Wishes sincere gentleman for love and marriage.

CALIF. FEMALE—22-2332-F - White, 49, 5'5", hazel eyes, brn. hair, 130, likes dancing, fishing and camping. Seeks neat, clean gentleman, 50-60. Can relocate. Photo first letter.

TO ANSWER AN AD: Write letters to prospective friends. Place each letter in an envelope and write code number of the ad and your return address on the back of envelope. Please send \$2 for any 3 letters you wish forwarded or \$1 for 1 letter. Place all the letters you wish forwarded in a larger envelope and mail to CountryStyle Letters, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131. Checks or M.O. should be made out to CountryStyle.

MO. FEMALE—19-5148-F - Divorced, 3 children, (16-15-6), 35, 5'3", 160, red hr., blue eyes. Like C&W music, my horse, dancing, camping. Marriage minded. Age ?

OHIO FEMALE—19-5149-F - Brn. hr. & eyes, 29, fairly attractive, non-smoker or drinker. Like C&W music, especially Statler Brothers, reading, movies, live country shows. Seek man, 29-33 for correspondence, dates.

VA. FEMALE—20-5142-F - Secretary, never married, 35, 5'4", brn. hr. & eyes. Like spectator sports, reading, animals, children, C&W music, country living. Seek correspondence, friendship with males 35-50 who share interests.

MO. FEMALE—19-5154-F - Green eyes, frosty gray hr., 46, 5'7", 190. Hobbies, travel, outdoors, cooking. Favorite C&W singers are Charley Pride & Loretta Lynn. Seek to correspond with men 45-50 from Missouri or Tennessee.

WIS. FARM GIRL—19-5151-F - Brn. Hr. & eyes, 19, 5'6", 145, good looking, shy, hard-working, non-drinker. Likes C&W music, camping, fishing, horses, farmlife. Owns Ayrshirer. Seek honest, non-drinker, hard-working farm boy, 18-24, marriage-minded.

ARKANSAS FEMALE—26-8596-F - White, 19, 5'2", 124, own home, have been hurt a lot in the past. Like animals, music, God, cooking, traveling, fishing. Seek honest lovable, kind gentleman for marriage, 21-36 from Arkansas. Photo, details, please.

VA. FEMALE—25-2312-F - White, 5'6", 48, 135, brown hair and eyes. Honest, one man woman. Desires compatible, secure gentleman around Richmond vicinity, for friendship, marriage. Photo 1st. letter.

MISSOURI WIDOW—23-1080-F - Attractive, 63, 5'4", 110, White, owns home, car and income. Likes C&W music, good cook, loves to travel. Wants to write to marriage-minded man, no heavy drinkers or dishonest man need reply. Photo, please.

CONN. FEMALE—22-2308-F - 35, 5'5", 165, strawberry blonde, blue eyes. Likes outdoors, movies, homelife. Have daughter 5 1/2 yrs. old. Seek kind gent, 40-55, respectable. Will ans. all.

MISSOURI FEMALE—22-2306-F - Age 44, 5'8 1/2", 155, widow. Like C&W music, all kinds of sports. Non-smoker or drinker. Have two children 15 & 18. Photo. Age 44-54. Ans. all.

CALIF. FEMALE—22-2327-F - Brunette, 50, attractive, 5'4", 120, divorced, loving, understanding woman, needs the same. Loves all kinds of music, dancing, good cook. Must love children. Photo please.

ALABAMA FEMALE—22-2319-F - White widow, no dep., 44, 5'2", 112, brown hair and eyes, olive complexion, very attractive. Loves life and all that goes with it. Seek handsome gentleman, 5'11" or over, secure, for friendship, possible marriage. Will ans. all.

ALA. WIDOW—22-2317-F - White, 50, 5'3", 130, average looks, sincere, honest, cheerful, working girl, no dependents. Seek to correspond with Ala. area gentlemen for friendship.

LOUISIANA FEMALE—22-2316-F - White, 22, 5'7", 129. Like outdoors, traveling, music. I would like to meet someone with the same interests. Pentecostal preferred.

WASH. FEMALE—22-2297-F - Blonde hr., blue eyes, 5'5", 125, 2 children. Like outdoors, animals, dining, dancing, homelife and more. Can relocate. Want to meet sincere man who enjoys life, children, has sense of humor. Photo please.

INDIANA FEMALE—22-2294-F - 30, 5'6", blue eyes, frosted brn. hair, divorced, mother of two, fun-loving Christian who enjoys life. Holds mgmt. position with growing Co. and has varied interests including reading, sports, music, cooking.

LA. MALE—20-5156-1 - Would like to have ladies for pen pals, age 33.

MICH. MALE—19-5150-1 - White, single, 21, 6'2", 210, average looking, currently in U.S. Navy, non-smoker. Hobbies are reading, travel & outdoors. Favorite singers are Loretta Lynn & Tanya Tucker. I am marriage minded.

CANADA MALE—19-5152-1 - Financially well to do, 43, have 600 acre farm in southern Manitoba. Seek sincere lady, 35-47 that would write to me. I am marriage minded. I have no objection to 1 or 2 children. Will ans. all. Photo.

ILLINOIS MALE—21-1040-1 - Financially secure, college ed., God-loving, white gentleman, young 48, 5'6", 145, kind, loving. Seek well-proportioned or slim, intelligent, loyal, one man woman who likes homelife, classical, C&W music, bowling, traveling. Photo phone, please. Will ans. all.

WISCONSIN MALE—21-2179-1 - White, 32, 5'10", 150, good looking, understanding. Likes outdoors, sports, travel. Seek female, attractive, nonoverweight, one man woman with same interests. Likes cooking & homelife. No dep. now. 24-30. Photo, phone.

N.Y. MALE—21-2253-1 - Single, 31, blue eyes, brn. hr., 160, 5'10", non-smoker, social drinker. Like dancing, sports, movies, music, cooking. Seek good looking or attractive girl for marriage. Photo please.

OHIO MALE—21-2249-1 - White, 36, 6'6", 220, brn. hr., eyes. Seek friendship to marriage with tall, slim, good looking girl who is a Christian. Children no object. Have some myself.

TEXAS MALE—21-9453-1 - Teacher, 30, 6'2", blue eyes, 178, dk. brn. hr. Would like to correspond with a young widow, divorced lady or even a single woman.

MINN. MALE—22-1070-1 - White, 49, 5'9", 185, divorced, Catholic. Like traveling, camping, classical music. Seek attractive, Christian lady, high morals, healthy, non-smoker or drinker, average figure, marriage minded. Must love children, homelife, 35-42, 5'3"-5'6". Photo, phone. Prefer Minn., St. Paul area. Will ans. all.

MICHIGAN MALE—22-2157-1 - Plain looking, lonely, 32, 5'7". Likes homelife, animals, walks in country. Seek woman to 35 with similar interests. Looks unimportant. Photo, please.

CALIF. MALE—22-2156-1 - White, 37, 6', 170, Born Again Christian. Into meditation yoga, natural foods, homelife, music. Seek non-smoking or drinking lady to love God first, then me. I'll reflect her love.

CANADIAN MALE—21-2262-1 - Grain farmer, 26, 5'9", 190. Like sports, outdoors, C&W music, dancing. Seek marriage minded girl, 18-30, single, separated, divorced, widowed. Children welcome. Will ans. all. Photos exchanged.

N.Y. MALE—21-2266-1 - 29, 6'1", 170. Likes C&W music, homelife, camping, movies. Seek sincere, loving, affectionate gal for marriage. Child OK.

OHIO MALE—21-2264-1 - White, 25, 5'6", 160, non-smoker, social drinker, very good looking, very sports minded. Seek very pretty woman with a great figure, 18-27 for friendship, possible marriage. Photos exchanged. Will ans. all.

ARIZ. MALE—20-2166-1 - White, 22, 6'1", 165, green eyes, non-smoker, engineering student. Seek pretty, not money-oriented, liberated lady, 18-25 unafraid to show brains. Exch. photos (will ret.) Ans. all.

MINN. WIDOWER—20-2171-1 - 55, 6', 200. Enjoys outdoors, fishing, camping, canoeing, travel, C&W music, children involved. Seek lady from N.W. Wisc., Minn., area to share interests with. Photo please.

INDIANA MALE—20-2149-1 - White, architect, single, attractive, 39, 6', 165, brn. hr., bl. grn. eyes, Christian. Likes swimming, bowling, theater, arts, outdoors. Seek like minded, attractive, one man woman, good figure, 35-40. Possible marriage. Photo.

VA. MALE—21-1068-1 - Blue eyes, brn. hr., 23, 5'8", mustache. My interests include music, sports, traveling, making friends. Seek females to 23 for friendly correspondence.

ORIENTAL MALE—21-2089-1 - Divorced, 32, 5'9", 175. Like sporting activities, quiet homelife, non-smoker, social drinker. Seek correspondence with slim, attractive, white Miss, 18-22. Photo please.

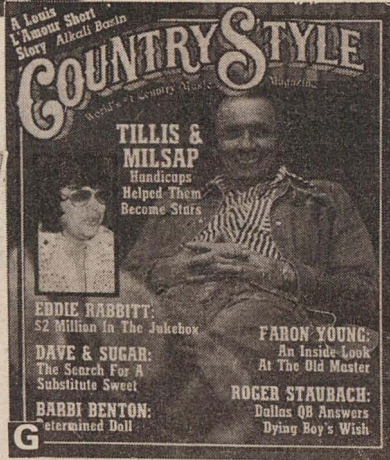
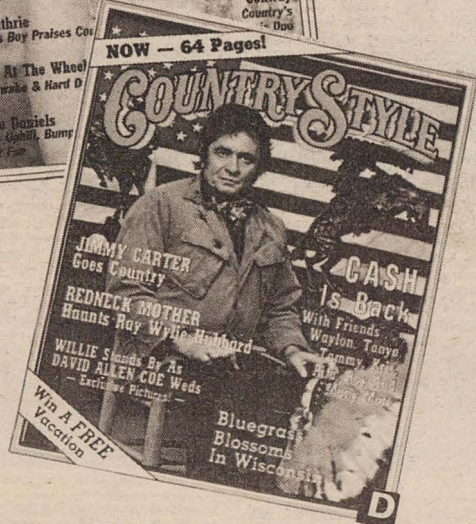
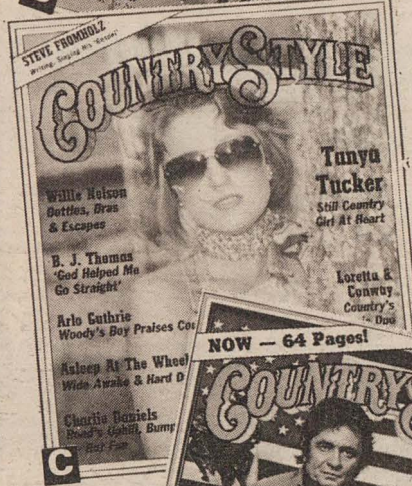
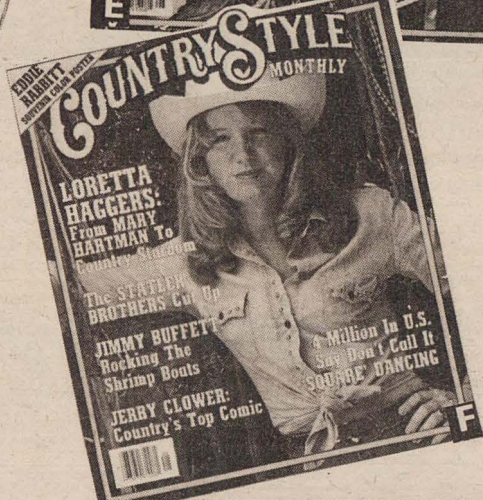
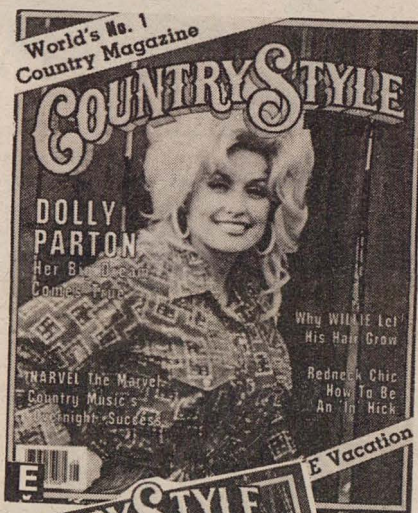
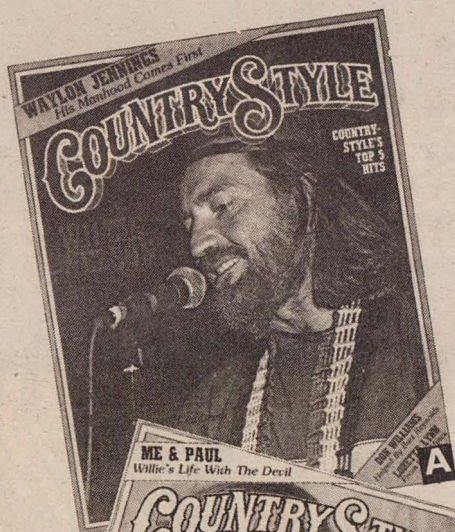
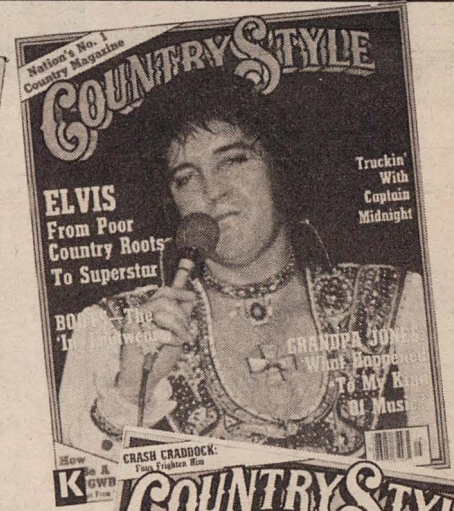
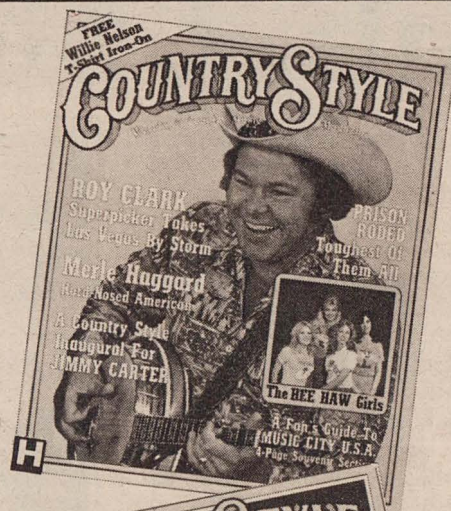
TENN. MALE—19-5153-1 - Divorced, 45, 6', 180. Enjoys country music, simple life. Seeks young lady to 30 who likes same, possible marriage, must relocate. Photo, phone. Will answer all.

UTAH MALE—18-5139-1 - White, 28, good looking, 6'1", 225, brn. eyes, brn. hr., divorced, very gentle, affectionate and I have been hurt. Love C&W music. Seek sincere, goodlooking, shapely, country girl, 21-35 who is not just out for goodtimes & money, a one man woman who does not mind starting over. I love children. 1 or 2 small children OK. Photo, please.

WISCONSIN MALE—23-2094-1 - 33, white, 5'8", 163, widower, former teacher, dairy farmer, hard worker, honest. Enjoy skiing, sports, antique cars, dancing, dining out. Am good dresser, neat when away from farm work. Seek very compassionate and understanding partner and friend who is emotionally and financially secure. Send photo if available and chatty letter soon.

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Sonny Makes The Jailhouse Rock

(Continued From Page 34)

much in their behalf.

"And Warden Vinson Thompson went out of his way to see that we had a first-class recording session. We even borrowed a piano from the chapel."

Sonny James, noting the condition of the prison's musical instruments, plans to donate to the institution's music department a keyboard instrument, amplifiers, guitars, and drums.

"You would be shocked to see the condition of their instruments."

James also plans to give "his" band and "his" vocalists copies of all available singles and albums in his catalog of country music.

"We performed a variety of songs," James said, "all of which relate to life. Some had a fast-up tempo, and others even contained humor."

"All of them had real meaning. Some were old songs. Others were written only a couple of weeks ago. This is not a gloomy album. Anything but."

Tunes being mixed include "Pistol Packin' Mama," a James song written for the occasion, "Don't Let Me Die On Prison Land" and "Amazing Grace," on which all 900 inmates join in.

"And they performed like pros."

Inmates, seated in the audience, cheered and applauded as the James "boys" completed each selection. And Sonny laughed and joked

through the session.

He could have played with bailing wire for guitar strings, and the audience would have believed he knew what he was doing.

It wouldn't have mattered.

He was performing.

He was a "part" of them. There was a closeness that even the mode of dress couldn't separate.

The only thing that mattered was that 900 of the 2,700 inmates at the prison were having the time of their lives.

"I was impressed with the way Mr. James worked with the group," asserted David Acres of Kingston, Tenn., a guitarist serving 35 years for murder.

"Just being able to play with him means a lot," Acres said. "The thing I'll always remember is how patient he was. He's certainly an easy man to work with."

Jerry Jernigan, a guitarist, joined in, "and just think about it—the album will be something to show my grandchildren."

And in addition, a convict is working on the album cover.

"It's all inmate—except for me," Sonny said. "The 'after' session was rather emotional. We hugged each other when it was over, and Doris (his wife) and I are going back to the prison next week just to talk with the boys."

"I've been there so much lately, I've gotten to know them. I would like to talk about what can be done to their 'studio.' It's constructed from egg-shell cartons. You

should see it."

Members of James' prison troupe are: Bo Norris, Garvin Shepard, Jerry Jernigan, Dan Moffitt, David Acres, Del McAdory, Leroy Winston, Ronald Bennett, Don Shears, Leroy Echols and Larry Green.

Certainly, no one ever denied the tall, lanky artist made country music history when he chalked up one No. 1

hit recording after another.

And then last year he took a step in another direction.

He put together an album—"200 Years of Country Music"—that paid tribute to the people who created and popularized the styles.

You see, whatever country music is today, Sonny believes, it is a result of the past—the different forms and styles in which country en-

tertainers have their roots.

Maybe that's why some of the songs in the prison album were written in the 1930s.

But whatever the case, the dominant ingredients in Sonny's makeup are talent, devotion to duty, love of work and just simply getting involved in his career.

Certainly, no one can deny he became involved to "create" his latest albums.

Tell Us What You Think

We think we have a pretty good idea of what you want in **CountryStyle**, but we'd like to be sure. That's what we're all about—giving you what you want and what you haven't been able to get anywhere else.

So, if you have a pen or pencil around (borrow or steal one if you don't), how about filling out the questionnaire below?

You'd be doing us a big favor. We'll repay you by giving you an even better magazine.

Dear **CountryStyle**:

Thanks,
The Editors

Okay, I'll do it this time but you'd better not be wasting my time. Don't blame me if you don't like some of the answers. You asked for it.

1. Who's your favorite country star?

Current performer:

Male _____ Female _____

Old time performer:

Male _____ Female _____

2. What's your favorite country song?

Recent _____

Golden Oldie _____

3. What's your favorite country group?

4. Where do you hear most of your country music? List 1-2-3 order:

Radio _____ Records _____ Tapes _____ Concerts _____

Other (specify) _____

5. Do you own a guitar? Yes _____ No _____ If yes what kind. Acoustic _____ Electric _____

Other _____

6. Do you own:

Stereo _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____

Tape player _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____

7. What article did you like the most in **CountryStyle**?

8. What article did you like the least?

9. What would you like to see more of?

10. Do you make more than \$15,000 a year: _____ Less than \$15,000: _____

11. What magazines do you regularly read?

12. Do you get your magazines at the newsstand? _____ By subscription? _____

13. Do you read the ads in these magazines? Yes _____ No _____

14. How much money do you spend on country entertainment per month (records, tapes, concerts, etc.)? _____

15. What is the average cost for tickets to country shows in your town? _____

16. What type of country music do you enjoy the most (one only): Progressive _____

Bluegrass _____ Country jazz _____ Gospel _____ Other _____

17. What are your favorite TV shows? _____

18. Favorite movies _____

19. Do you smoke or chew tobacco? _____

20. Do you drink beer _____ wine _____ mixed drinks _____

21. Are you a student? Yes _____ No _____ School _____

22. ☐ Please enter my subscription. I'm enclosing \$5 for 10 issues of **CountryStyle**.

23. ☐ I'm already a subscriber.

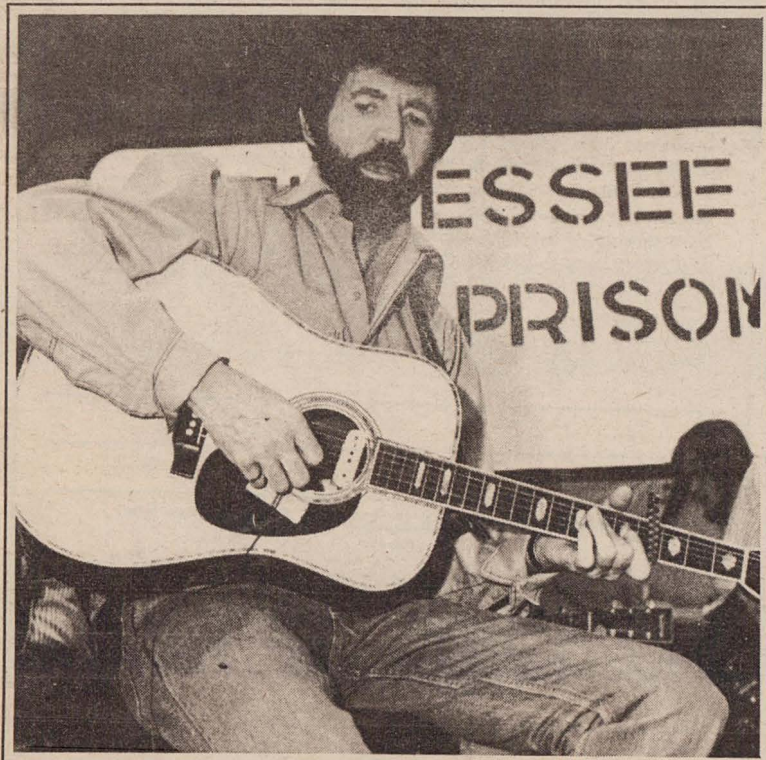
24. Male _____ Female _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Clip and Mail to: **CountryStyle** Survey, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131



Sonny praised the Tennessee State Prison musicians, and they—in turn—expressed pleasure in performing with him on a Columbia album which will be released the latter part of April.

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As a special service to musicians, **CountryStyle** is accepting **FREE** classified ads in the next few issues for the new Musicians' Exchange section. If you're a musician looking for a band or trying to find the right person to complete your own group, let other musicians know through Musicians' Exchange, c/o **CountryStyle**, 11058 W. Addison, Franklin Park, IL 60131.

WANTED: DEDICATED DRUMMER for C&W swing group. Practice 2-4 nights per week. Serious only. (312) 525-7979 eve.

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PEDAL STEEL GUITAR PLAYER looking for a gig with a serious established group. I'm 22, single, and can play anything from Spanish-Rock-to Country. Also play some Dobro Steel & Rythmn Guitar. References available upon request. Call Tom: (512) 826-6644.

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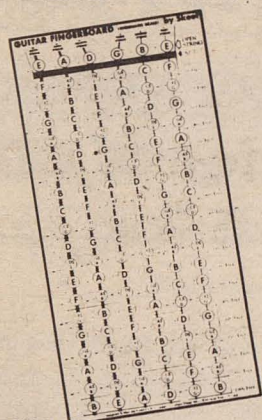
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Bobby Braddock, One Of Nashville's Hottest Writers

(Continued From Page 28)

Too" (co-written with Curly Putman) Ferlin Husky cut "You Pushed Me Too Far" and Jimmy Dickens recorded "Country Music Lover," with lines like "She thinks Ernest Tubb is a sincere place to take a bath," and "She thinks Johnny Cash is money you find in a commode." Record producers are doomed to spend hours every day listening to dozens of moon-June-spoon songs looking for a hit, and Braddock's unorthodox though unsubtle approach was a relief from the mountains of trite junk they had to wade through. Finally in 1968 he and Curly Putman wrote "D-I-V-O-R-C-E," one of the biggest hits Tammy Wynette ever had.

But the market for novelties seemed to be dropping off, and Tree was changing. Curly, who had gotten many of Braddock's songs cut, left Tree to form his own company and, according to Tree president Buddy Killen, "Bobby had hit a slump in his career. He just wasn't writing very good songs."

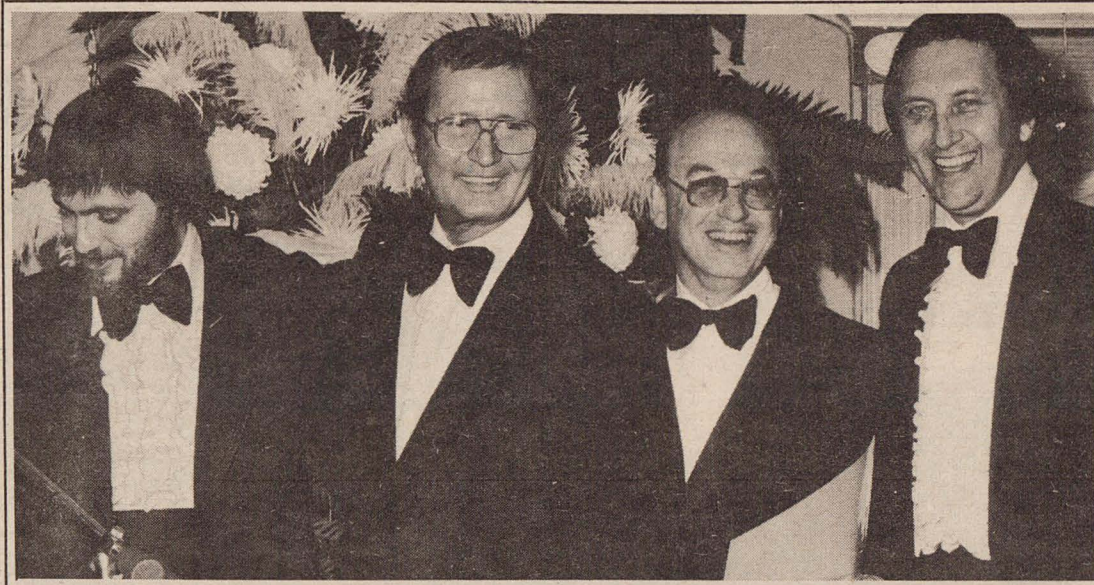
Says Braddock, 1972 was "...THE BAD YEAR. I got almost no cuts and not one chart record."

But as usually happens with the real talents, the tide turned. A year later Putman returned to Tree and almost immediately got "Nothin' Ever Hurt Me Half as Bad as Losin' You," cut by George Jones for a Top 10 record.

*...I've had the lit end of a
cigar pressed against my belly
Whipped on with a crowbar
till my eyeballs turned to
jelly
Accidentally nailed my index
finger to the wall
Cut off half my toes and
soaked my foot in alcohol
I've had my pelvis ruptured
by an angry kangaroo
But nothin' ever hurt me half
as bad as losin' you.*

Not another "Moon River," perhaps, but it had its own kind of greatness and by 1975 things were beginning to roll again for Braddock, which is not to say that he was suddenly enraptured with his life. Like many songwriters he wanted to record, and in the past he had had releases on MGM and Columbia. This

Another BMI song award for shy Bobby Braddock (left). Also shown (l to r) are Jack Stapp, Chairman of the Board, Tree Pub. Co., Ed Cramer, President, Broadcast Music Inc., and Buddy Killen, Pres., Tree Pub. Co.



year Buddy Killen succeeded in wangling him a deal with Mercury Records. Three records have been released, and none of them has torn up the charts, but his success as a writer has been so complete that Bobby's not terribly upset over his recording fiasco. Music people don't laugh at Bobby Braddock's songs anymore. They just move a little closer to the loudspeakers and listen a little harder to make sure they're not missing anything.

*On the poor side of Fort
Worth in a rundown motel
A rodeo cowboy held a
young Texas belle
He scooped up some peanuts
right out of the can
And whispered as he placed
them in the palm of his hand*

*"I wish they were diamonds
and this was North Dallas
And I wish, oh I wish you
were mine."*

(We're not) The Jet Set C 1973
Nothin' Ever Hurt Me (Half as
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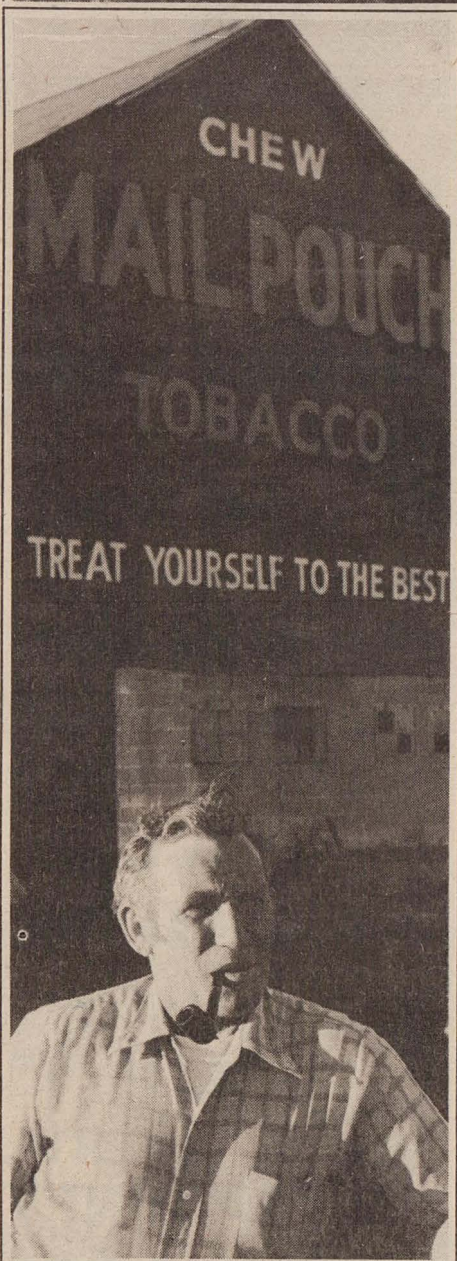
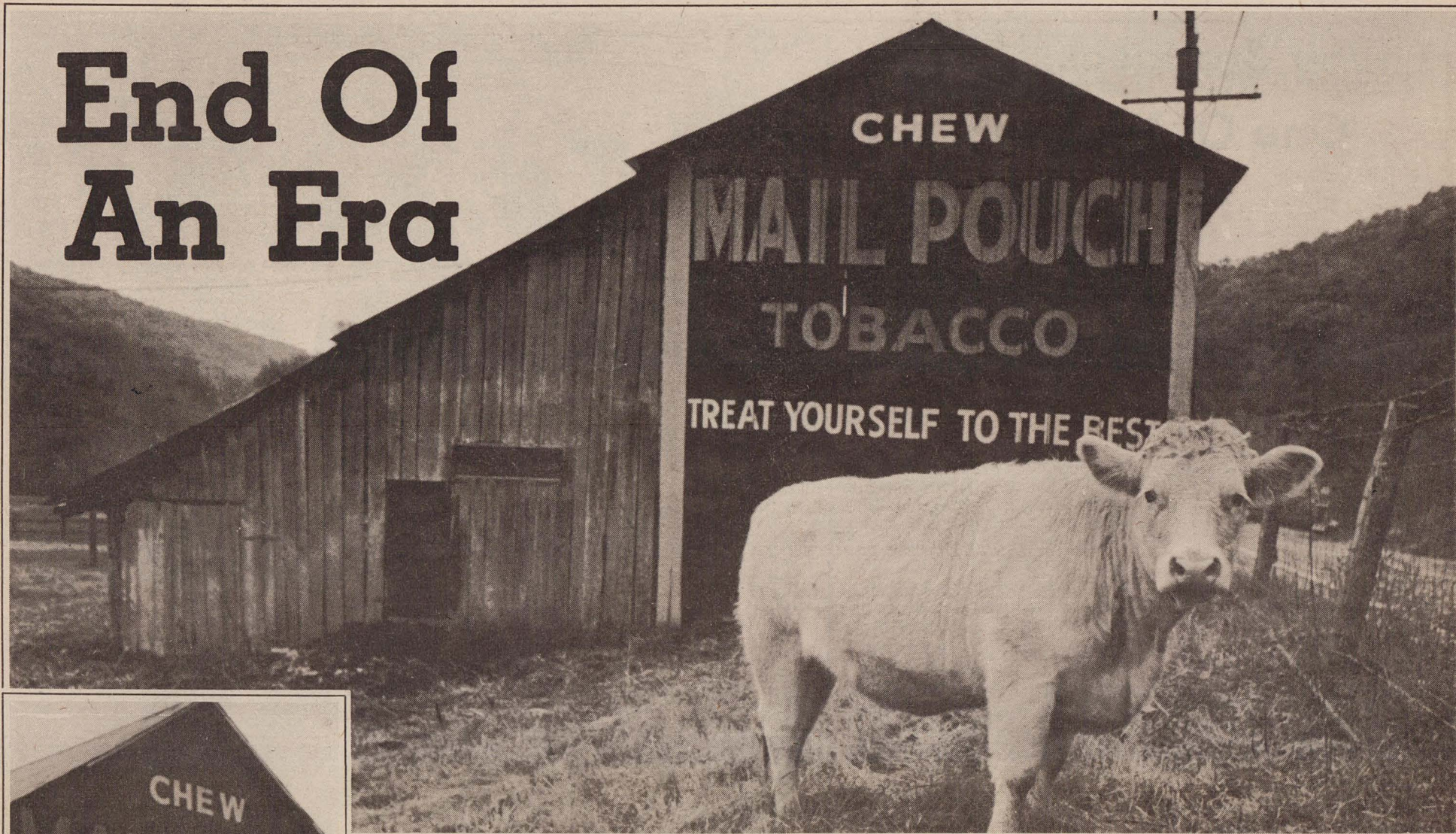
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End Of An Era



Last Of The Mail Pouch Sign Painters

Another form of historic Americana is falling by the wayside.

Following the horse and buggy, penny candy and nickel cigars, Mail Pouch chewing tobacco signs are disappearing from barns along the highways of America. They are falling prey to more efficient forms of advertising: radio and TV.

Harley Warrick had been painting the signs—top line white, middle line yellow, bottom line white and background black—for more than 31 years. He has left his mark in nine states, on 10,000 barns and in countless millions of minds:

**CHEW
MAIL POUCH
TOBACCO**

TREAT YOURSELF TO THE BEST

He is the last of the Mail Pouch sign painters.

"I don't work steady now," he admits.

"I have a sign shop at home and I do other commercial work."

He now works only about 16 weeks of the year, travels half of the 50,000 miles a year he used to and paints not more than 20 new signs a year. He repaints those still standing about once every five years.

Only about a thousand are left.

At 51, Warrick seems as much a part of Americana as the signs he paints. His pipe in his mouth, his startlingly blues eyes and the skin of a man who does his work out-of-doors, Warrick is reminiscent of characters in Norman Rockwell paintings.

Reflecting on his 31 years on the job,

Warrick recalls most fondly the crews he worked with.

"The fellows you got acquainted with and worked with them for years . . . they've passed on now. But while you're working on these barns, you remember working there before with a certain crew or guy and you get to thinking about him. You get a lot of memories that way."

Today, the signs have become items of nostalgia. They are sought after by collectors or for reproductions on postcards or paintings.

There were a lot more of them around when, in 1945, Warrick, then 20 years old, came home from the war looking for a job.

"We had one on our barn at home (in eastern Ohio)," Warrick recalls. "I'd often wondered how in the heck somebody painted one of them things."

"A crew just happened to come along and paint it then, so I was talking to them. They said, 'Well, if you're interested in it, we got an opening here for you. We need a helper on another crew.' So I just went across the road and packed my suitcase and took off."

That's the way it all began for Warrick. With his four-inch bristle brush and homemade paint in hand, he traversed Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, West Virginia and Kentucky spreading the word about Mail Pouch tobacco.

He was home on the weekends, back on the road Monday.

It was pretty hard at times. He was divorced once. He had to leave his two

children with relatives or neighbors when he got his call. He now has four children, including the child of his second wife by a previous marriage and their own son, now 9 years old.

It seems a natural place for the signs—middle America and Appalachia, where the farmers, steel workers and miners use their hands to work, chewing their tobacco rather than smoking it.

Mail Pouch was founded in 1879 by German immigrants in the town of Wheeling, W.Va. The company merged with General Cigar and Tobacco Co. a year ago.

A spokesman for General Cigar states that, while sales of Mail Pouch have fallen slightly over the last 25 years, it is still a "substantial multi-million dollar business." He explains that Mail Pouch began using television and radio advertising about 15 years ago, "moving away from the barns to more modern media."

Though he has the steady hand and perceptive artist's eye, Warrick never had any special training in art.

Warrick admits he paints about a dozen signs a year for collectors. The average cost is \$150.

Although the signs are disappearing fast from the highways, Warrick claims he has no plans to retire.

"It's part of Americana, and you want to be a part of that. So that's why I like to stay with it. You go by old barns you painted years ago and you get to thinking what you were doing at that time, and it just brings back memories being there."

Top, the Mail Pouch sign is passing into history—this one in Elkview, W. Va., is among only about a thousand left in the country. Above, the last of the sign painters, Harley Warrick, leans on a fence in front of one of his signs in Belmont, Ohio.

Country Cutie Winner



Kyle Rimmer is 22 years old and grew up in the small southern town of Stanley, North Carolina. She enjoys reading, racketball and listening to country music. Her country favorites include Willie, Waylon and Bob Wills. Kyle also enjoys walks along the beach and hopes to have a home on the coast in the future. She was submitted by husband Ron Rimmer.

COUNTRYSTYLE CUTIE CONTEST

WIN A WINDJAMMER CRUISE FOR TWO

Want to see your lady's picture printed in CountryStyle . . . and have a chance to win a Windjammer vacation for two?

Just send us a photo of your best gal: wife, girl friend, waitress—we don't care.

Each issue we'll print pictures sent in by our readers and automatically enter the ladies in our sensational CountryStyle Cutie contest.

We'll feature one winner an issue. Each automatically will become a finalist and—after 10 finalists are chosen—you, our reader, will select the top Country Cutie.

The winner will receive an expense paid, surprise two week vacation for two.

Send your gal's photo in now, together with the signed release below, to: CountryStyle CUTIE, 110' 8 Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

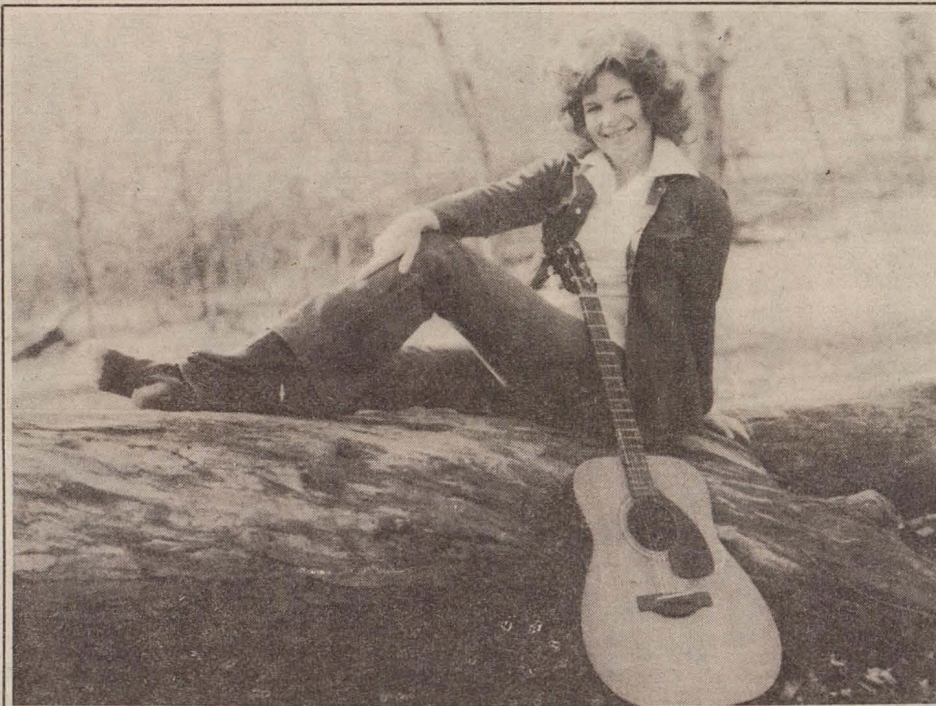
P.S.: Gals, if you want to send us a photo of your man, go right ahead. We'll enter the guys, too, in our CountryStyle Cutie contest.



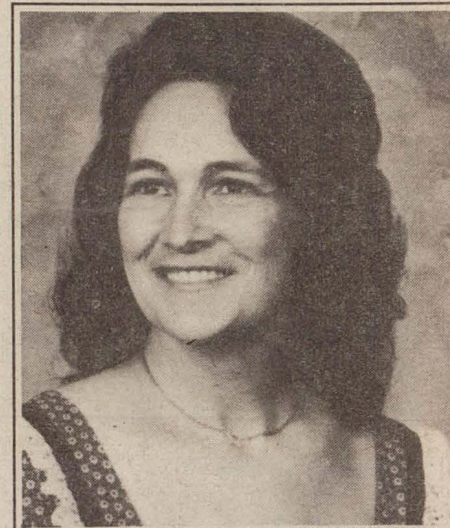
Born and raised in Olive Hill, Ky., the hometown of Tom T. Hall, Carlotta Gail now lives in Pana, Ill. She is married and has 2 children. In 1975 at a talent contest held at the Illinois Country Opry, Carlotta took 1st place over more than 80 entries singing "Coal Miner's Daughter." Since Feb. 1976, Carlotta has been singing every Saturday night at the Ill. Country Opry House in Petersburg, Illinois. Carlotta's biggest thrill was meeting her idol and favorite singer Loretta Lynn. She was submitted by Larry Probst.



Josephine Rideout, 27, is a country singer for the Kosmik Kowboys in Dallas, Texas. She's been married 5 years to Bob, the drummer in the group. Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt, Jessi Colter, Waylon & Willie and Dee Moeller are her source of musical inspiration. After receiving a B.A. in speech and dramatic arts from the University of Iowa, she experienced many occupations until she decided to do what she secretly had wanted to do all her life—sing! And that has now developed into a full-time career. She is submitted by her husband, Bob Rideout of Dallas, Texas.



June Kinney, a 5'2" redhead from Danville, Illinois, owns and operates the Old Georgetown Theater which books Nashville stars Billy "Crash" Craddock, Buddy Alan, Carl Perkins, etc. June has The Midwestern Jubilee Band and also The June Bugs, which back her and her other performers up on the Midwestern Jubilee. June has been instrumental in giving other entertainers their start, and is a very busy little lady, by being a promoter, entertainer, mother and housewife. She was submitted by her friend Judy Cheesnm.



Ina Combs, 42, is a grandmother of two. She loves the mountains, or anything to do with good country living. Her favorite country singers are Loretta Lynn, Dolly Parton, Conway Twitty and Don Williams. Her hobbies are music, horse riding and camping. She was entered by her daughter, Tina.



Jackie Darby, 16, is from Colorado and is now living in Seattle. Her favorite singers are Loretta Lynn and Merle Haggard. She enjoys cooking, skiing horseback riding and rodeos. Her ambition is to become a model. She was submitted by her father.

CUTIE CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Enclosed is a photo of my favorite 'Country Cutie.'

She is (name) _____
(Please Print Clearly)

And is (age) _____

Her occupation is _____
(wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.)

I hereby give CountryStyle Magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish, or use photographic portraits or pictures of me, or in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted in character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproductions thereof in color or otherwise, made through any media at its studios or elsewhere, for art, advertising, trade, or any other lawful purpose whatsoever.

I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the advertising copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied. I hereby release, discharge, and agree to save CountryStyle Magazine from any liability by virtue of any blurring, distortion, alteration, optical illusion, or use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking of said pictures, or in any processing tending toward the completion of the finished product.

PLEASE NOTE: In order to publish your photograph, both the release and the back of the photo must be signed. Date _____

Model's Signature _____

Area Code _____ Phone Number _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Photographer's Signature _____

Please use a separate sheet of paper to tell us (in 100 words or less) something about your CountryStyle Cutie entry that you believe would be interesting to CountryStyle readers.

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
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